The New-York Mirror,

A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts; embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.

G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol 10.) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors,* which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence,* important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and improved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work, by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette,* there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood,* also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music,* arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection of *the most choice and rare pieces,* which, although occupying little more than one-sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic. American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres,* and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

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The nature of the political contest in which we have been engaged, and the necessity under which we have labored of publishing speeches on the great topics of the day, and voluminous public documents, both of which the past year has been singularly prolific, have combined to prevent that attention to our Commercial department, to which our education, our disposition, and our location, seemed more specially to prompt. Encouraged as we have recently been, we shall be better able hereafter to devote time and means to the great object we have in view—the permanent establishment of a Journal, not to be surpassed in any department, by any of our cotemporaries. To every incentive to accomplish our purpose, we hope to add a full share of zeal and industry in our vocation, trusting to time and our efforts, for success, and pledging ourselves to be as fearless, frank and independent on all topics, as we have hitherto been.

FOUR VALUABLE WATER PRIVILEGES, *for Sale,* within forty miles of the city of New-York, and three and a half from the Hudson river, on the west side, in the town of Haverstraw, in the county of Rockland. The privileges are great and will be sold a bargain. They are on the same stream that Messrs. Phelps and Peck's wire and cotton factories are, and on which they are now building extensive rolling and slitting mills, and but about a mile and a half above—And about a mile above, and on the same stream, on which the late John Glass & Co.'s Calico Printing establishment stands. The water privileges are great, and will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, with fifty or a hundred acres of the land—or even four hundred acres if wanted, of which the farm consists, of wood, plough, and meadow land in proportion. On it are orchards which abound with various kinds of fruit; and there are three dwelling houses, three barns, sheds, [illegible] houses, a blacksmith's shop, a saw mill and a forge. The stream is a never [illegible] abundance of power, and [illegible] few situations surpass. There are now two dams across the stream on which the gristmill, sawmill and forge now stand.

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Haverstraw, June 4, 1832.

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SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 28.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

N E W - Y O R K:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1832.

I T E M S.

ORIGINAL, STOLEN & FOREIGN—BESIDES OTHERS.

Our dearly beloved brother Jones, of the P. Patriot, says we're *pretty cute* at an "item"—Ditto—by the way, he is "a klevver dog and phunne poet."

The Baltimore Visiter contains the best selections of any paper we wot of—except the Philadelphia Shield—and some few others; we never "come the queer" over these chaps—it's no go.

A Philadelphia print has a *werry peculier* way of *snatching* wood cuts from a London paper, and inserting them as original—they are so indeed, resembling them as a hen does a pig—"we're not so *green.*"

Another one says he has 12,000 subscribers—"What'll you lay 'tis a—*fact.*"

A Canada Editor lately sent us a lithographic sketch of a Porker weighing 1379 lbs. We were in doubt at first, whether brother Dalton wished to convey us by so fit an emblem, a representation of his or our success—we *have* laughed and so grown fat, but as our friends assure us there is not in our *two countenances* the slightest "family resemblance," we have concluded br. D. must look *for all the world* like a "long-tail'd pig," and weighs 1379 lbs. Crikey! what a *baste!*

We are indebted to the Camden Journal for several of the following items—but friend Daniels, don't imagine we intend paying for them—Ned Purdy and Hugh Moore will "use 'em up" by way of reprisal, for we *sort of took a small few of theirs* one day—but don't mention it.

The above makes so clever an "item" we've half a mind to give friend Howe a slap—he only *nabbed* an indefinite number of ours lately, say 15 or so—he's not *particklar* any way.

Some of the newspapers are trying to show off their poor opposition to item-making. The Editors seem disposed to disparage the business, in their own persons; and, to tell the truth, most of them are tolerably successful in the experiment; for, to say nothing of precept, they are most superlatively dull and doltish in the example. N. B. This and the following items are intended for patterns; this one being too long, and the other exactly of the right length. Look at it and see.

The "item" business appears to be running emptyings.

Mr. James Hogg, of somewhere in North Carolina was lately married to Miss Mary Woollen.

The above item in some hands, would be punned upon; but we despise such things. What right have we to talk about more *cry* than wool in undertaking to shear a hog?

The Editor of the Salisbury Journal has lately seen a steam bed-bug machine, which kills those cannibals with amazing facility. The inventor of this machine will be hailed hereafter as second only to Fulton.

A turtle, so large that the finder of it rode into town upon its back, was lately found at "Evett's creek, near Cumberland." We are not able to say *what* Cumberland, no county or state being given, but there can be no doubt that this turtle is a grand-son of the old fellow that the world used to stand upon.

Some blackguard lately threw a horse-shoe from the gallery into the Senate Chamber, which came very near hitting the head of the Hon. Mr. Poindexter. Such ironical pugnacity towards that grave body ought by all means to be discountenanced. How did the wretch know but the Senator had an utter disrelish for cold iron in any form?

An item interpolated by the devil.—Mr. Poindexter had just been *bewitched* into the commission of matrimony with a New-England sorceress, and the horse-shoe was merely intended to keep off any future spell.

A Mr. M'Clung, of Maysville, Tenn. is the author of "Camden, a Tale of the South." He is about to publish another work, and we pray heaven it may be a better one.

MYSTERIOUS.—On Saturday morning, at the house of a Noble Earl in London, a marriage was celebrated between a very young couple, in the most private manner possible. The circumstances appear very mysterious, and have created much gossip.

A daily communication, by Estafette, is likely at length to take place between London and Paris.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The earliest account we have of the singing of the cuckoo in the neighborhood of London this season was in Wimbledon Park, on the morning of Tuesday the 17th of April; and the first recorded song of the nightingale was heard from the royal gardens at Kew on the night of Sunday the 22d of April.

A gentleman of Thirsk, Yorkshire, has at this time a cat suckling and bringing up four fox cubs, which she attends with the greatest parental solicitude.

Macfarren once produced a piece at the Adelphi, (then the Sans Pareil,) which was very nearly damned through a ridiculous, though a very natural blunder. One of the characters had to exclaim, "What, do I see *an eddy* whirling on the wave?" The performer with the utmost coolness said, "What do I see? *a neddy* whirling on the wave?" The audience tittered, and on every subsequent representation the line was altered to "What do I see? a whirling eddy on the wave!"

WHALE CHASE.—On Wednesday week, the island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides, was visited by a large shoal of whales. They were driven on shore, after much exertion, by the crews of a number of fishing boats, who succeeded in killing no less than 98 of the fish, in the presence of almost the whole population of the thriving little town of Stornoway. A young man received a stroke from the tail of one of the largest fish, and is not expected to recover. An annual visit is generally paid by the whales to the Lewis coast.

His Majesty William IV. gave a grand dinner to the Jockey Club, at St. James Palace, on the 16th of May.

The Ettrick Shepherd has written, since 1813, fifteen volumes of poetry and as many volumes of prose, besides his contributions to periodical publications. He was 40 years of age before he wrote his first poem.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.—The last new fashionable bonnet is the exact model of a custard-cup, with a bulrush stuck on it by way of a feather.

A FORTNIGHT'S "DOINGS" IN PARIS.—A Paris paper gives the following summary of proceedings in the French capital during the first fortnight of April: Proceedings against the press, 9; condemnations, 6; seizures of newspapers, 8; bankruptcies and meetings of creditors, 104; sales of property by authority of the courts of law, 120; days of riots, 5; days of iniquity and misery, 9; days of happiness, 0.

Strawberries in our market yesterday brought 25 cents a quart. That was too much; but they were good, and some of them nearly as large as a New-York strawberry basket.—*Phil. U. S. Gaz.*

[If this supercilious individual had seen the two Irishmen wheeling in a barrow from Swan's garden that over-ripe white strawberry, yesterday, he would hardly, we fancy have ventured on this fling. Commerce and the culture of strawberries have kept equal pace here, and in both equally excelled all other cities. A gentleman dining at Delmonico's does not order *strawberries* at his dessert—he asks for a piece of one, and eats it with iced cream.

Our cherries, too, are as much improved in size as in flavor: an operative tariff-man, carrying home one under his arm from Fulton market last night, was knocked down and robbed of the fruit by nine British agents. The police have found no trace of them as yet.]—*Standard.*

HEREDITARY HONORS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney at law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day she was walking in the woods, in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress, that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks, sweeping over his forehead—and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself—

"Singular destiny! fearful thought! Shall I resist it!—shall I fly? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honors—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!"

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura, fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an Earl Marshal, or a grand Falconer at the least. The young man stood still, so also did the young lady,—the young gentleman stared, and the young lady sighed. "Fair creature!" quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in somewhat a violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream.

"What!" said the youth, mournfully, "do *you* too, fear me?"

Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview farther—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes?* Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes,* the honor must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtue of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most Platonic description. "They met again and oft;" and oh, how devotedly Laura loved the young cavalier! She was passionately fond of rank:—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer's son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters—white stockinged quidnuncs—fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed color, he bit his lip, and thrust both hands into his breeches pockets. "I cannot tell you what I am," said he: "No! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all."

"Can he be the King's eldest son?" said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father.

"Ah!" quoth the former, squeezing the Attorney's hand, "your family have been good friends to mine."

"How," cried the attorney, "are we then acquainted! May I crave your name, sir?"

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel.

"Aha!" said the attorney winking; and lowering his voice, "I smell you, sir, you have killed your man, eh?"

"Ha!" cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAWYER MATCHED.

It was now clear: the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combatant. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is no thing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow,—a crooked thing with two strings in it. It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. "Strong, strong," muttered he, "yes, it is worth buying."

"Are you a judge of trees?" quoth the attorney.

"Hum—yes, of a peculiar sort of tree."

"Have you much timber of your own?"

"A great deal," replied the stranger coolly.

"Of the best kind?"

"It is generally used for scaffolding."

"Oh, good deal!" The lawyer paused. "You cannot," said he archly, "you cannot conceal yourself; your rank is sufficiently apparent."

"Good Heavens!"

"Yes, my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinctions—four hundred years it has existed in your family."

"It has indeed!"

"And does the property—the cash part of the business go with it?"

"Yes! the Government provides for us."

"Oh, a pension; hereditary too?"

"You say it."

"Ah 'tis the way with your great families," said the lawyer to himself, "always quartered on the public."

"What's that he mutters about quartered!" inly exclaimed the stranger with emotion.

"It is from our taxes that their support is drawn," continued the lawyer.

"Drawn sir!" cried the stranger aloud.

"And if it be not the best way of living, hang *me!*" concluded the lawyer.

"*You!*" faltered the stranger, clasping his hands; "horrible supposition!!!"

CHAPTER IV.

ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

"You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura," said the stranger kneeling on his pocket handkerchief.

Laura blushed. "You are so—so bewitching, and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are."

"After our marriage, yes," said the stranger somewhat discomposed.

"No! now—now," cried Laura coaxingly.

He was silent.

"Come I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son."

"Indeed I am," sighed the stranger.

"You have an hereditary title?"

"Alas! yes!"

"It descends to you?"

"It does!"

"You have a—a—the means to support it?"

"Assuredly."

"Convince me of that," said the lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, "and my daughter is yours—let you have killed your man a hundred times over!"

"Wonderful liberality!" cried the stranger, enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

CHAPTER V.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was travelling to his country seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready.

"It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up.

"What neat!" cried the chambermaid.

"It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts.

"Ha!" said the tailor, "what do I see! it is the coat of the Marquess de Tete Perdu; I made it myself."

"It is out!" cried the waiter. "The gentleman is a Marquess. Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!"

"What's that, sir? so the strange gentleman is really the Marquess de Tete Perdu!" asked the landlady. "John, take the *fresh eggs* to his Lordship."

"Impossible!" said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. "Impossible!" and while he laid his hands on the egg stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Impossible! the Marquess has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEPARTURE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was just going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!"

Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a Vampire!" said she; "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging."

Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlor; a group of idlers in the passage gave hastily way on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek and fell into a swoon.

"The Devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round; "am I known then?"

"Known! yes, you *are* known!" cried the boots. "The Marquess de Tete Perdu."

"*Sacre bleu!*" said the stranger, flinging into the parlor in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions—these hereditary customs!" cried he vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura, I shall lose her fortune. I am discovered. No, not yet; I will fly to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off! how many people have I forced to go off before!"

To avoid the people in the passage the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket handkerchief; the stranger offered his own. Her eyes fell on a Marquess' coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials, "T. P."

"Ah! it is too true, then," said she, sobbing: "the—the Marquess de Tete Perdu—" Here her voice was choked by her emotion.

"Damnation! what—what of him?"

With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word, "H-a-n-g-e-d!"

"It is all up with me!" said the stranger, with a terrible grimace and he disappeared.

"Oh! he is certainly a Vampire," wept the unfortunate Laura; "at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months, he cannot be worth much for a husband!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

It was a melancholy, dreary day, and about an hour after the above interview, it began to rain cats and dogs. The mysterious stranger was walking on the high road that led from the country town; he hoped to catch one of the public vehicles that passed that way towards the capital. "In vain," said he bitterly, "is all this finery; in vain have I attempted to reform my lot. Fate pursues me every where. Damn it! the silk will be all spotted. I may not get another such coat soon." [illegible] that a man of singular rank, [illegible] the rain set full in his teeth and drowned the rest of his soliloquy. He began to look round for a shelter when suddenly he beheld a pretty little inn dancing by the road side; he quickened his pace, and was presently in the traveller's room drying himself by the fire. There was a bald gentleman, past his grand climacteric, sitting at a little table by the window, and reading "Gliemenborchinsiseulorum on the propriety of living in a parallelogram, and moving only in a right angle." Absorbed in his own grief, the stranger did not notice his companion—he [illegible] and to dry his shirt sleeves, and mutter to himself. "Ah!" said he, "no love for me, never shall I marry some sweet, amiable, rich young lady; the social distinctions confine me to myself. Odious law of primogeniture! hateful privilege of hereditary descent!"

The bald gentleman, who was a great philosopher, and had himself written a large book, in which he had clearly proved that "Man was not a Monkey," started up in delight at these expressions. "Sir," said he, warmly, holding out his hand to the stranger, "your sentiments do credit to your understanding—you are one of the enlightened few whose opinions precede the age. Hereditary distinctions! they are indeed one of the curses of civilization."

"You speak truly, venerable sir," said the stranger sighing.

"Doubtless," continued the sage, "you are some younger son deprived of your just rights by the absurd monopoly of an elder brother."

"No, I am myself the elder son; I myself exercise, and therefore deplore, that monopoly."

"Noble young man!—what generosity!—see what it is to be wise!" said the philosopher; "knowledge will not even allow us to be selfish."

The stranger kindled into enthusiasm, and into eloquence. "What," said he, "what is so iniquitous as these predestinations of our fate against our will! We are born to a certain line—we are accomplished to that line—our duty is confined to a certain routine of execution—we are mewed up like owls in a small conventual circle of gloom—we are paid sufficient for what we perform—we have, therefore, no incentive to our enterprise and ambition—the greater part of our life is a blank to us. If we stir abroad into more wide and common intercourse with mankind, we are perpetually reminded that a stamp is upon us—we cannot consult our inclinations—we must not marry as we please—we can never escape from ourselves—"

"And," pursued the philosopher, who liked to talk himself as well as to listen; "and while so unpleasant to yourself are these dangerous and hateful hereditary distinctions, what mischiefs do they not produce to your fellow creatures! condemned to poverty, they are condemned to the consequences of poverty:—ignorance and sin—they offend, and you hang them!"

"Hang—them!—Ah!" the benevolent stranger covered his face with his hands.

"What philanthropic tenderness!" said the philosopher; "Pardon me, sir, I must introduce myself; you may have heard of me; I am the author Slatterenobagioso; you, so enlightened, are probably an author yourself, perhaps you have turned your attention to morals, and are acquainted with the true nature of crime."

"Ay," answered the stranger, "I am acquainted with its end."

—"Or perhaps biography, the great teacher of practical truths, made you first learn to think.—For my part, I amuse myself even now by taking the lives of some of the most remarkable of my cotemporaries."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, with inexpressible dignity; and then, putting on his hat with an air, he stalked out of the room, saying over his left shoulder, in a voice of conscious pride—"And I, sir, have done the same!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JEALOUSY.

"Ah! Miss," said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homewards with "The Sorrows of Werter" in her hand; "Ah! so the spark has carried himself off. How could you be so taken in! What! marry a——"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Laura haughtily, "and I beg you will be silent. You knew him, then."

"Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess; he is wanted in town to-morrow morning."

"Gracious heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the Marquess de Tete Perdu was again apprehended for not having been hanged sufficiently.

"Why—be prepared—Miss, he is going to tie the noose."

"Wretch! perfidious wretch!" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?"

"Exactly, Miss," said the tailor, and off went his high trotting horse.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DENOUEMENT.

"Poor cousin Jack!" said the Lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very naughty pranks, to be sure; but he is our cousin, nevertheless. We should pay him all possible respect. Come girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me; it will divert your mind."

"La! papa! but, to be sure there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good."

"That's right, girl," said the father; and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform, raised above the heads of the people. Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it is with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling—it has been four hundred years in the family—he took himself away but came back when he heard the fees were augmented—you know that he gets all the cloths."

"There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the Attorney; "how pale he is!"

Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged, moved a well known figure.

"The Marquess *de Tete Perdu!*" cried the Lawyer aghast.

"My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura.

"My eye! that's the Hereditary Hangman!" said a bystander with open mouth.

"Hereditary Hangman!" said an English Lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary Hangman!—what a burlesque on the Peerage!"

Is it a burlesque truly—or is the one about as wise as the other? *English Magazine.*

At Covent-Garden Theatre a few evenings since, when Miss Kemble as the heroine in "Francis the First," was in the awful pause preceding the act of self-destruction, an old lady in one of the boxes became so absorbed in the interest excited by the heroine's situation, that, when the fatal blow was struck, she exclaimed "Mercy Heaven! why have they suffered the poor soul to make away with herself?"

AN OLD TRICK REVIVED.

On Friday last, an easy-looking well dressed young Pennsylvanian arrived in our goodly city to view the fashions and "see life." His well embrowned countenance and open hands bespoke him an honest, unsophisticated farmer. He paced leisurely along Broadway, examining with a curious eye every house he passed as minutely, from the roof to the basement, as if he intended to purchase at least one half of them. Three "knowing ones," who observed the pigeon with pleasure quietly approached, and accosted him very kindly, pointed out the City Hall, walked along the flagging adjoining the Park, showed the Museum to its best advantage, and finally directed his attention to the city clock. One of them here pulled out a "genewine" gold watch, and described its various excellencies. It was jewelled, capped, and what was more it would not require to be wound up more than once a week. The countryman exhibited his own, it kept time like any clock, but then it was not a gold un. "Well," said his polite friend, "I am just going to New Orleans with my comrades, and to tell the truth, I am a little short of money—so how will you trade?" The trucking immediately commenced. The gold watch was of course "worth a hundred dollars, but he would take eighty." The *swap* was finally made; the countryman gave his watch worth $15 and $25 in cash for the gold one—The "high contracting" parties separated, each well pleased with his bargain. Next day, however, the gold time keeper would not tell the hour, but like a self-condemning witness stood mute.—What was to be done? where could a remedy be found? The new owner of the obstinate watch proceeded to what is called a horologer, or by the vulgar a watch-maker, and anxiously inquired into the value of his new purchase. The watchmaker with a most provoking calmness replied that it was worth from sixteen to eighteen cents. The honest Pennsylvanian raised himself to his utmost height, and opened his eyes to their utmost extent, but the imperturbable watch-maker said he would not give twenty five cents for it. He then advised the astonished purchaser to go to the police office and state the story; he did so, and was soon convinced that the watch-maker was correct. He was, however, able to give so minute a description of the fellows to Mr. Huntingdon, one of the police officers, that the latter, after a vigilant search succeeded in arresting two of them, and was fortunate enough to recover the watch, and obliged them to refund the cash, to the great joy of the Pennsylvanian, who will hereafter, in all probability be another exemplification of the old adage, *experience docet,* which means that "he who buys a brass watch once, will not be caught again."—*Courier.*

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

At a time when the fears and apprehensions are excited by the probability of a coming evil, it will, we hope, prove an [illegible] complaints, whether real or [illegible] learn how much our [illegible] condition of the mind, and how much the tone of feeling depends on the condition of the digestive organs, and finally how much both the health of mind and body depend on prudential and correct habits.—We could not better inculcate this doctrine than has been done in the following sketch.

I have been all my life haunted with a desire to commit suicide. It has crossed me—it still does cross me continually. It is partly the result of constitution, and partly of early and frequent misfortunes, and a habit of brooding over them. This dreadful disease has forever caused me to look with sickly eyes on the charms of life and the beauties of nature. I shall not here write any history of myself. It would not interest others. Those incidents which have made me wretched, happier dispositions would soon forget. I can never forget them. I feel that my game of life has been played and lost. Those secret springs of joy and hope, which give elasticity to other minds, in me are broken. I have been always struggling against the current; and sometimes, nay often, it has appeared to me as if some awful and inexorable power were present at my undertakings, and took a mysterious delight in bringing them to ruin. True, my reason often teaches me that this is merely an absurd fancy, and that it cannot be. Yet I think it is, and that is sufficient to make me wretched. Sometimes, in the endeavor to combat this opinion as a superstition, I have compelled myself to embark in a design, or to entertain an affection; but invariably I have met such severe disappointments, that I have long since ceased to hope. When I first reached the years of manhood, I found this in all my pecuniary business. Stock fell if I touched it; banks broke as soon as I became interested. The fable relates, that whatever the celebrated king of Phrygia touched, turned to gold: wherever I laid my hand, I was sure to produce destruction. At length I have grown so timid, that I am afraid to love, afraid to form a friendship, afraid to offer advice. He who peruses this, will doubtless, smile incredulously on me; he will say it is impossibility. Well, let him. Indeed it seems equally so to me. I have racked my brain to believe it merely an accidental train of unfavorable events, which to-morrow may change; yet it has not changed, and I am half fain to abandon myself to the startling and terrible thought, that I am branded with some mysterious curse. Whatever may be the cause, I am miserable, and always have been so beyond description. I look for nothing this side the grave.

I became acquainted some time ago with a little girl, eight or nine years old, with unusual powers of mind and charms of person. The sight of her face positively dispelled the shadows which brooded over my mind. She discovered a singular attachment to me. I was delighted with her thousand winning ways. I was almost happy while under the influence of HER irrepressible happiness. It was a joy for me to meet her in the street. I have caught a gleam of her beautiful light countenance, amid a group of her companions going to school early in the morning, which haunted me all day.

"Shall I love the creature?" said I to myself: "will it not be bringing down upon her sweet young head the dark influence which has ever pursued me and mine? Yes," I said, "I will love her. I will once more try this fearful experiment. I will watch to see in what form the effects of my interest in her welfare will fall on her; to what doom it will consign her? Will the turf soon press her tender breast! Will some mournful doom darken her living heart?"

I made these reflections one morning as she passed me, with a smile, in the street?

One week after, a single line in the newspaper answered my interrogatories. She had died of a sudden and painful attack of the scarlet fever. As I perused the information I positively thought I heard the laugh of a demon in my ear, whispered on the passing breeze.

It is not one, two nor indeed twenty circumstances of this kind which could have thus prostrated my love of life so utterly. I never had a real friend, except my mother, and she died just when I was old enough to mourn for her acutely. Among my other tortures, disease has not been wanting. A violent pain in my chest has, at certain intervals, incapacitated me for all employment.—I feel like Caliban, forever contending against a supernatural enemy, whose spirits appear busy about me. That speech of the deformed monster ever haunts my memory:

> "For every trifle they are set upon me;
> Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
> And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
> Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
> Their pricks at my foot-fall. Sometimes I am
> All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
> Do hiss me into madness."

I once formed a vague resolution of suicide, and I thus strengthened it. I wished to become familiar with death. I would gaze quietly on him, and apply what I saw concerning him to myself. I strained my fancy to conceive how I should feel, and act, and appear in such a crisis. I have held a loaded pistol to my brain sometimes, or a vial of poison to my lips; or I have stood leaning over the edge of a dizzy height; or I have looked down into the clear ocean billows, and goaded myself on to pass the dreadful gulf. Alas! coward that I was. I feared to die as well as to live, and have turned to my lonely walk with a relief, and put off till some other period the execution of the design.

One day I met a fine fellow, from whom I had been separated many years. He was a scholar and an observer, and, somehow or other, he had the art to draw from me an account of the true state of my feelings.

"Pray," said he, when I had finished pretty much what I have related above; "pray what time do you rise?"

"At ten," said I, rather surprised at the [illegible] of the question.

"And what time do you [illegible]?"

"At one, two, or three o'clock," said I, "just as it happens."

"What time do you devote to cheerful exercise?"

"DEVOTE?" asked I, "why, no time. I exercise just as I happen to feel."

"And how is your appetite?"

"Enormous."

"And you gratify it to—"

"The full extent."

"What do you drink?"

"Brandy and water, gin and water, &c."

He laughed heartily, although it made me angry; also, I confess, it made me excessively ashamed of my talk about suicide.

"Do you know what ails you?" said he.

"Yes" I replied, "I have a broken heart."

"Broken fiddlestick," said he, "you have the dyspepsia. Diet yourself; go to bed early; rise early; exercise much."

I have done so; I am now a healthy and a happy man. I smile to think I was going to blow my brains out, because I had the dyspepsia.—N. Y. MIRROR.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

In our miscellany we have served up another repast from Mrs. Trollope; the extracts relate chiefly to our own city. A few days ago, alluding to the lady's civil mention of Baltimore, we jocularly requested to be informed who had harbored her here, and hinted that she might have travelled under an *alias.* This brought us, next day, the following communication, the motive of which is a worthy one:

Editor of the Patriot.—Sir: In your paper of yesterday I observed a notice, requesting information where Mrs. TROLLOPE was harbored whilst in Baltimore.

In answer, I beg leave to observe to you that it was with me. Mrs. Trollope and my father were cousins, and on her coming here from Washington she called on me; though she was a little altered, as I thought, from travelling in France as a lady's maid, and marrying a Frenchman, who was a valet to some French Duke.

I was much pleased to see my kinswoman, and gave her the hospitalities my house afforded; and I do sincerely assure you that it gives me pain to hear that my adopted country is so much misrepresented by those who, in their native country, would only stand fourth rate.

By giving this an insertion, you may perhaps relieve many a worthy English woman, whom chance or necessity has thrown on our hospitable shores, from the unpleasant situation in which she would be placed on its being talked about that she might be a *Mrs. Trollope.*

Yours, &c. JAMES C. KNOX.
Baltimore, June 4, 1832.

EXECUTIONS.—Hanging is, of a truth, a merciful infliction, when compared with the martyrdom, which the criminal underwent in former—"the good old" times. Take the following as a deplorable criterion:

Two brothers, of the order of Barons, and bearing the name of Chlewee, had become infamously notorious by their atrocities on the high roads.—They were at last taken, and sentenced to be impaled at Prague in 1512. The one died instantly; but, the stake having been driven through the other in an ineffectual way, the executioner drew it out and impaled the criminal a second time, upon which the wretch turned round to his butcher and exclaimed, "The stake does not do its office properly by me!" He was, however, exposed in this state upon the scaffold, and besought the bystanders to loosen his hands, as he should then have an opportunity of making his escape! During the following night, he contrived to break the stake asunder, and creep, with the remnant through his body, to Headeau, where he laid himself down on some manure near St. Benedict's and, after having had the sacrament administered to him at his own solicitation, gave up the ghost.

From Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

A SCENE AT TATTERSALL'S.

Gentlemen, what can you hesitate about? Only look at her! She is one of the most beautiful creatures that I have ever had the honor of submitting to your notice! So gentle in her paces—indeed, so safe a goer that a child might ride her. Her pedigree is excellent—she is thorough bred from her ear to her hoof; and the Herald's College could not produce a more sound and satisfactory one. She comes from a good house, I pledge my word, gentlemen. My Lord Duke, will you allow me to say £250 for your Grace? She will, notwithstanding your Grace's stud, be an ornament to it. She is a picture—complete to a shade; in fact, I could gaze on her for ever, and always be struck with some new beauty she possesses. Thank you, my Lord Duke, I was certain your Grace would not let such an opportunity pass. There is not a horse-dealer in the kingdom who can show such a fine creature! She is above competition—I may say matchless! The Regent's Park could not be betted to a mole hill with safety that she has no paragon. Sir Henry, let me call your attention to Cleopatra! She is like her namesake in the olden times—but beautiful without paint! She is pure nature and no vice! Her action, Sir Henry—yes, her action—I could dilate upon it for a quarter of an hour, but "puffing" is out of the question—you shall judge for yourself. Run her down, John.—The Graces, I am sure, Sir Harry, were they here to behold her movements, would be out of temper with her captivating excellence! Taglioni, I must admit, can perform wonders with her pretty feet; but Cleopatra, my Lord Duke, can distance the whole of them put together, and positively leave the Opera House, with all its talent, in the back ground. In fact, I am deficient in words to display her immense capabilities—£300, Going! going! £310. Thank you, my Lord Duke, she must be yours. For the last time, going at £310, but I will do the handsome thing. I will allow you five minutes to compose your mind—I am well aware that such unparalleled beauty is very dazzling—therefore, before you lose sight of this handsome creature, I do impress upon you, to remember that the opportunity once lost—£320; Sir Harry, I am obliged to you—the world has always acknowledged you as a man of great taste in matters of this kind; and, without flattery, you have never shown it more than in the present instance—according to the poet, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!"—Going!—Cleopatra, my Lord [illegible] does not make up your mind in your princely style of doing things—a good bidding will make Cleopatra, your own for ever, therefore now is the time, to put on the distancing power, and your Grace will win the race in a canter! £340—My Lord Duke, I can only express my gratitude to say, that you have done me honor—Going! going!—in fact gentlemen I am like an artist in this case. I do not like to leave such a delightful picture, and I could dwell upon the qualities of Cleopatra to the echo that applauds again—but most certainly I have given you all a fair chance. Cleopatra is on the go—are you all silent?—going for £340 after all. What is that sum for one of the greatest English beauties ever submitted to the inspection of the public! £350. Thank you, Sir Charles—worth your money at any price. I have witnessed your notice of Cleopatra for some time—she bears looking at, again and again! Charming Cleopatra! I am glad to see she has so many suitors for her HAND—I beg pardon, gentlemen—a slip will happen to the best of us—her FEET, I should have said, but nevertheless, I am happy to see she has a host of admirers. I cannot bid myself, or else I would "make play," and Cleopatra should become a noble prize. £370. Bravo! my Lord Duke! for £370 positively, yes positively, 'pon my honor, positively the last time—or else the beautiful Cleopatra goes into the KEEPING of my Lord Duke. You are sure, gentlemen, that you have all done? Don't blame me, don't blame yourselves. Going ONCE! Going TWICE! Going THREE TIMES. [The auctioneer, after a long pause, and numerous flourishes with the hammer, in hopes to obtain another bidding, but the "cock would not fight," exclaimed] GONE!!! Cleopatra belongs to the Duke.

HOG.—A species of animals having a natural kink in their tails, and employed in New-York in the capacity of scavengers. They are said to be restricted by law to that part of the island above Grand-street, but are known actually to enjoy the freedom of the whole city. The term hog is also used as an adjective in the superlative degree, with the prefix of the word whole; and is particularly popular among politicians. Indeed the compound word *whole hog* originated among that class of gentlemen, some four or five years since; and we believe is not to be found, even in the latest edition of Noah Webster.—*Com.*

A Lincolnshire man observed in company, that in some parts of the county of Lincoln the soil was so prolific, that if you turned a horse into a new mown field at night the grass would be grown up to his fetlocks next morning! "Psha!" a Yorkshireman, "if you turn a horse into a new mown field at night in our county, you can't find him next morning at all."

FATAL FULFILMENT OF A PROPHECY.—I have been prevailed upon to devote some days to the enjoyment of country life at the beautiful Lady G—'s a relation of Canning. At breakfast she was present some months ago when Canning took leave of his mother both being then in perfect health, in these words; "Adieu, dear; in August we shall meet again." In July the mother died suddenly, and in the beginning of August her son followed her.

A person at Chester inquired of his landlord how he could get to London. Being told he might go in a wagon, he replied, "No, honey, that will never do, for I am always sea sick, when I ride in a wagon; besides, I can walk as fast as two wagons."

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1832.

THE CHOLERA.

"Take the week in and the week out," the last has been the most lugubrious that has occurred since we assumed the editorial chair. Hitherto we have **not** found it a difficult task to give our columns at least the air of liveliness and gaiety, but from morning till night—from Saturday to Saturday, our ears have been entirely surfeited by one incessant, uncompromising din, created by that evil genius of Cholera, which seems to act as a species of forerunner, and is little better than the reality. Indeed some of our contemporary prints are so thoroughly steeped in this "Spirit of the Times" that we hardly dare touch or read their columns till they have been dipped in Chlorine, and even this ablution will not disinfect some of them entirely, for we have found a slight perusal invariably induces the premonitory symptoms, as yawning, horror, spasms, et cetera.

However, this all engrossing subject requires at our hands as faithful chroniclers of the times, a passing notice—for *Life in New-York*, both in thought and deed, has been characteristic—or rather identified with this trist, sober topic.

Individually, there seems to be no absolute alarm, the subject is discussed coolly and philosophically, and though some have determined perhaps, to hasten a little their departure on their contemplated country excursion for the summer, others, with equal cheerfulness, intend remaining in the city, and prosecuting their pleasure, or their business with their usual tranquility and industry. The moral courage and firmness exhibited by our citizens, is extremely creditable, and will go farther than any thing else to resist the prevalence and spread of the threatening epidemic. There is an appearance of calmness and settled determination to await complacently the unseen destroyer—making use of those means of cleanliness and all the preventives which experience has testified, and cheerfully leave the rest in the hands of an overruling Providence. The City Authorities have put in requisition every means that mortal foresight can suggest for the city's safety; and the Board of Health with a promptness at once creditable to them as men, physicians and philanthropists, have taken measures to secure to *all* the readiest mode of fulfilling those intentions of treatment, which have received the sanction of their maturest judgment. Under such circumstances, our citizens will calmly meet this "marching phenomenon," keeping steadily in view the immense importance of a placid, quiet state of mind, cheerfulness, occupation, cleanliness, and relying in case of an attack on the efficacy of means—strength of constitution, and the favorable influence of a plentiful, wholesome diet and temperate habits, and more than all on that spirit of courage and resignation which belongs to a clear conscience and an honest man.

KEEPING COOL.—Since the appearance of the Cholera in Quebec the office of the Life Insurance Company in this city has been thronged by applicants. Even the low rates lately adopted are still unaltered, and when we consider the class of citizens who would be likely to get their lives insured, belong to that portion the least liable to take the Cholera, it would seem the Company must realize handsome dividends. Indeed that cool, provident man, who thus provides for his friends or family, and calmly awaits the "coming ills of life," is of all men the most secure from that malady, which singles out for its prey the imprudent, and those agitated with cares for others, and apprehension for themselves.

Depend on it—*keeping cool* is the grand preventive.

THE SPRINGS.

The Ballston Gazette of the 19th says, "During the last week quite a number of strangers arrived at the different houses. Present appearances indicate a greater influx of strangers than in any former season. The principal travel to the springs is now through this place."

We are apprehensive that the anticipations of our Ballston friends will be sadly disappointed, and we regret this the more as every preparation had been made that could add to the enjoyment and happiness of travellers, in this delightful village. Cars were about being put on the rail-road between Schenectady and Ballston, giving the additional pleasure of this novel mode of conveyance, to the many which this route already possesses.

But the panic which the approach of the Cholera has spread so universally through our land, will deter many, if not quite all, from the enjoyment of the thousand fine things which in ordinary times render a jaunt to the springs so much to be desired.

The Keepers of the Public Houses at Saratoga will participate in these disappointments most severely. We are exceedingly sorry for these liberal caterers and great favorites of the public—it will be the next thing to having the Cholera to see their houses all empty and streets deserted; yet, we imagine, a few glasses of the *real Congress water*, taken each morning direct from the "living spring," would sooner than almost any thing else, keep at bay this "hungry pestilence."

Crowds of fashionables are daily leaving us—each intent on health and security from the Cholera. Southerners are daily arriving, but gloomily shake their heads when asked if the springs is their place of destination.

The Eastern summer route is mostly taken, including Newport, Providence, Boston, Maine and the White Hills.

A few weeks, we trust will change the face of events for the better, and then the wonted haunts of our money spending community will echo the gladsome note of joy, and we doubt not, of gratitude to the *Giver* of all good.

BURGLARY.—The store at the corner of Washington and Cedar st. was broken open on Wednesday night and robbed of a pail of butter and about $15 in cash.

We hope the poor wretch who committed this bold act has a plentiful supply of bread, else his butter may give him the Cholera. Perhaps he took the $15 to purchase the article and a [illegible] piece of cheese.

LAUNCH.

On Tuesday, the fine ship VIRGINIAN, of 600 tons, was launched from the ship-yard of Messrs. Smith, Demon & Comstock. This splendid vessel is of the same beautiful model as the SHEFFIELD, and is intended to take the place of the Sylvanus Jenkins in the line of Liverpool Packets, and will be commanded by that experienced and able seaman, Captain HARRIS.

Few sights incident to a *Life in New-York* are more zealously sought after than the launch of a ship, and none are more calculated to excite deep emotions. There is something truly sublime in the majestic movement of a large ship when she proudly glides into her destined element, and like a maiden queen takes possession of her throne.

As a specimen of naval architecture, the *Virginian* is not surpassed by any vessel in our waters. She does honor to her enterprising builders, who merit great praise for their efforts to create a pure taste and a just appreciation of the real majesty and sublimity, which pertains to this long neglected department in the science of building.

This beautiful ship, in honor of the State from which her name is derived, has upon her stern the bust of Jefferson; beneath which is a scroll representing the Declaration of Independence; and on either side Ceres and the Goddess of Liberty, with the Tobacco Plant and Indian Corn, representing the great staples of Virginia. For her *name's sake* we wish her well. May she, like "old Virginia, never tire." May all storms become gentle zephyrs in *her* sails, and after braving the winds of heaven and the dangers of the deep,—after deserving the honorable name of a good ship, may she at last lay her well worn hulk on the strand of the "Old Dominion" and fall to rest in the arms of her *adopted mother*.

STEAMBOAT LAUNCH.—Will be launched this afternoon, at half-past 4 o'clock, from the yard of Messrs. Brown & Bell, Manhattan Island, foot of North street, the elegant Steamboat DAVID BROWN. This boat is intended to run during the summer season to Long Branch and Shrewsbury every day in the week except Thursday. She is of superior workmanship, and said to be, by competent judges, the handsomest model of her class ever launched in our waters. She is in length on deck 135 feet, with 18 feet beam, and 8 feet 4 inches hold, and is to have a low pressure engine of between 70 and 80 horse power. It is calculated she will run the distance in much shorter time than usual for boats of her dimensions. The strength and beauty of this boat does her builders great credit.

She will be commanded by Capt. JAMES PENNOYER, (late of the Steamboat Bellona upon the same route last summer,) a gentleman admirably calculated for the station, and whose politeness, attention, and assiduity to please, is vouched for by thousands who travelled with him last season to Long Branch and other places in the vicinity.

We trust Capt. Pennoyer will receive the patronage of his old friends and others who may be desirous of making this beautiful excursion across our noble bay to Long Branch, thereby renewing their spirits and improving their health, and perhaps avoiding the dreaded Cholera, which we are sure will scarcely be heard of at Long Branch and Sandy Hook.

A RAIL ROAD.

[illegible] and strangers are now offered an opportunity of travelling on a rail road, which is in successful operation at a short distance from New-York. This novel mode of conveyance must be delightful, and doubtless will be eagerly seized upon, as 'tis the only opportunity in this section of the State, of indulging that natural inclination which every intelligent man possesses, to become acquainted with the "march of intellect," and the improvements of his country.

About five miles of it are completed, which run from the village of Aquacknock to the flourishing town of Patterson. An excursion thither may embrace a visit to Hoboken, (from thence stages run to the Rail Road,) a view of the Passaic Falls and the manufactories in Patterson, besides a ride in the Rail Road Cars.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

For some days past companies of U. S. troops have been arriving at Governor's Island in our harbor, on their way to the Western frontier. Our Hotels are glittering with the insignia of army officers, who are preparing for the campaign—taking leave of their friends, and enjoying the hospitalities of our citizens. We regret that the New-Yorkers will not have an opportunity to witness a parade of this division of our standing army. After seeing so frequently the "turn out" of our city companies, a view of *the real regulars* would do our hearts good.

General Scott will have command of the expedition, and his high character as an accomplished officer and prompt energetic soldier, insure to the country a speedy termination of the war. Col. Twiggs who was directed to take command of the recruits, and who is among the best officers in the service, has we understand, been assigned to the performance of the duties of Inspector General of the forces. With Gen. Scott on his east, and Gen. Atkinson, a first-rate soldier, on his south and west, aided by about 2000 friendly Menominee Indians, Black Hawk's only chance of escaping the punishment due to his crimes, will be in retreating to the west side of the Mississippi while it is yet in his power to do so.

The recruits and artillery now here will leave this afternoon at 5 o'clock for Detroit, accompanied by Gen. Scott and Colonels Twiggs and Crane. It is due to Major Payne to notice the fact, that *within fifty hours* after he received his orders for moving from Baltimore, and without the slightest previous notice, he was in this city with his command. He arrived on Tuesday evening.

We have just seen an advertisement addressed "to the Patriotic Young Men of New-York," for five hundred recruits as soldiers, to be connected with the division and proceed to the frontier. In these Cholera days a man's life is not worth much; one might as well take his chance against the Indians under pay and rations, as stay here and dodge the Cholera.

The Count and Countess de Neverlie, Madame Lemasne and Prince Pierre L. Buonaparte, arrived in the city on Tuesday, and have taken lodgings at the National Hotel.

The N. York Legislature commenced its extra session on Thursday, June 21st.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

This amiable lady in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," closes one of her chapters with the following *climax* in the way of story telling. She was at the time of writing this marvellous adventure passing up the Mississippi to Cincinnati in an ordinary steam-boat, and had been greatly annoyed she says, by some hundreds of Nimrod Wildfires, one of whom we presume gave her ladyship the *facts* on which she has engrafted the touching tale.

It is said that at some points of this dismal river, [the Mississippi,] crocodiles are so abundant as to add the terror of their attacks to the other sufferings of a dwelling there. We are told the story of a squatter, who, having located himself close to the river's side, proceeded to build his cabin. This operation is soon performed, for social feeling and the love of whiskey bring all the scanty neighborhood round a new comer, to aid him in cutting down trees, and in rolling up the logs, till the mansion is complete. This was done; the wife and five young children were put in possession of their new home, and slept soundly after a long march. Towards daybreak the husband and father was awakened by a faint cry, and looking up, beheld relics of three of his children scattered over the floor, and an enormous crocodile with several young ones around her, occupied in devouring the remnants of their horrid meal. [!!!] He looked round for a weapon, but finding none, and aware that unarmed he could do nothing, he raised himself gently on his bed, and contrived to crawl from thence through a window, hoping that his wife whom he left sleeping, might, with the remaining children, rest undiscovered till his return. He flew to his nearest neighbor and sought his aid; in less than half an hour two men returned with him, all three well armed; but alas! they were too late! the wife and her two babes lay mangled on their bloody bed. The gorged reptiles fell an easy prey to their assailants, who, upon examining the place, found the hut had been constructed close to the mouth of a large hole, almost a cavern, where the monster had hatched her hateful brood. [!!!]

The *Spirited* Times of New-York, has "hooked" *three*;—only thirty-eight more to "catch up." Well, we like a man to his word.—*Germantown Tel.*

Ditto, say we, with all our hearts: we regret being unable to find but one more this week to endorse on your note, Mr. Telegraph.

The "lovely woman" of the Hagerstown Mail, is a "confounded" droll "chicken."

We have strong suspicions that the following was "hooked," but as we give a premium in these times for "the ready," we'll call it one more.

A WITNESS.—In the account of the execution of the three Whitefeet at Kilkenny (Times of Saturday,) it is stated that they were hanged "*in the presence* of a troop of horse, 200 infantry, and a *piece of cannon*; no riot, however (it is added) was visible, and the *three men were executed in piece*."

The GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH,	*Dr.*
To 41 Items, a 1,	41
Cr. by the same,	5
Balance,	36

On Monday evening before the Board of Assistants, the Finance Committee reported in favor of allowing Cornelius Myers $81 75 for burying 150 loads of dead dogs, being 75 cents a day for 109 days.

Start not, gentle reader, this is the way we do things in New-York. 150 loads of dogs is a mere matter of moonshine in this commercial city. We think little of a *dog's life*, but $81 75 is pretty severe funeral expences. However "right of sepulture" is due to all in a free country.

"THE OLD RED FOX."—For the spirited article on our last page with this caption, we are indebted to Mr. Skinner's Sporting [illegible] of the Editors of this paper, had in years gone past, the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. POLLARD, the author, and it has given us great delight to learn that he still keeps up his noble breed of dogs, and that his zeal in the glorious sport of Fox Hunting is unabated. We anticipate with pleasure the renewal of the chase in the fall, with the hope that Mr. P. will find his hounds in fine trim for this veteran Reynard, when we trust to hear of his capture given with the characteristic spirit of a true-bred sportsman and Virginia gentleman.

A REPRIMAND.—The editor of the Columbia (S. C.) Times, in a late paper, gives us the following anecdote, which was once current in the walls of South Carolina College, as a parallel case to the reprimand of Gen. Houston, by Mr. Speaker Stevenson. "In its earlier days a Soph having unfortunately been caught in a scrape, we think it was turkey-stealing, was condemned by the faculty to receive, in college parlance, a lecture. Professor P——, a Frenchman and a man of imperturbable politeness, was selected as executioner. Accordingly after prayers, he advanced to the delinquent, and with a Parisian bow and a winning smile, addressed him, "Young genteelman, de facult have appoint me for lectair you. You are therefore lectair by me."

AN AMERICAN VESSEL.

The annexed beautiful and complimentary notice of the naval architecture of this country, is by the author of "Adventures of a Younger Son."

"The first vessel we fell in with was a schooner, which, after a long chase, we made out to be an American. As soon as she discovered we were French, she hove to. She was a beautiful vessel, long, low in the water, with lofty raking masts, which taepered away till they were almost too fine to be distinguished, and the swallow-tailed vanes above fluttered like fire-flies. The starred flag waved over her taffrail. As she filled and hauled on a wind, to cross under our stern, with a fresh breeze to which she gently heeled, I thought there was nothing so beautiful as the arrowy sharpness of her bow, and the gradually receding fineness of her quarters.—She looked and moved like an Arab horse in the desert, and was as obedient to command. There was a lightness and bird-like buoyance about her, that exclusively belongs to this class of vessels.—America has the merit of having perfected this nautical wonder, as far surpassing all other vessels in exquisite proportion and beauty, as the gazelle excels all animated nature. Even to this day no other country has succeeded in either the building or the working of these vessels in comparison with America."

A rich example of simplicity occurred to delight the "groundlings" at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the occasion of a recent representation of the "Rent Day." Amidst the overstrained pathos of the distressing scene, when Mr. Wallack (as the farmer) was telling the legal harpies, in the accents of despair, to take all, a worthy individual in the pit started up, and, with the most emphatic commiseration, offered a £20 note from his own pocket to stay the course of proceedings. This burst of mistaken generosity produced no little sensation on the beholders, or "assistance admirative," as the French phrase is. The enthusiastic philanthropist was, however, pacified; and Leadbitter, the officer, was privately stationed in his vicinity, to obviate the crafty attempts of any possible claimants for the £20, under the assumption of authority from the supposed suffering party.—*London paper.*

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We should have announced the opening of this delightful evening resort, before, had it not been that its deserved popularity seemed to render all puffing futile, and almost ridiculous.

We shall only remark that its "alleys green" cool arbours, refreshing breezes and all the cæteras with which its enterprising proprietor knows so well how garnish his attractive residence, are nightly enjoyed by thousands who seek for an evening's recreation, health and delightful music.

A FEMALE SAILOR.—It will be recollected by most of our readers that a female was discovered a short time since in Savannah, where she had arrived in a vessel from New-York, disguised as a sailor boy. It appears that she has again returned to our port, and in the same attire, having performed the ordinary duty of cabin *boy* on the voyage. She appears to be about 18 years of age, and has a countenance far from disagreeable; her figure strong set, but not "dumpy;" and her whole appearance is rather pleasing than otherwise. On seeing her at the Police Office yesterday, many were the conjectures relative to her choice of dress, and her appearance in this public office. One whispered that perhaps she, like a late Liverpool heroine, was in search of some "truelove sailor," and appeared before the magistrates to solicit their aid in her search for him; whilst others imagined she had acted towards some perfidious lover after the manner of the lady wh

"Saw young Willy Taylor,
All as he walked on the sea shore."

But alas! for all the romance of the story! the truth came out: she was there for stealing a pair of *inexpressibles*, and some other articles, from the house in which she boarded before her voyage to Savannah. It appears that the complainant saw her on Tuesday evening, and recognized her as the same person who had left him *sans culottes*, and he immediately had her carried to the watch house, from whence she was committed to Bridewell yesterday to answer to the charge.

Her trunk was brought to the Police Office, and found to contain a quantity of female apparel; but it was with the greatest difficulty she could be forced to doff her boy's dress for one more suitable to her sex. She gives her name as Margaret Wood, but refuses to answer any other question.—*Courier.*

DYING IN SLEEP.—The following, from Miss Landon's novel of Romance and Reality, is new and striking. "Mr. Arundel (the uncle of the heroine) had laid down some time. He was asleep—a calm, beautiful, renovating sleep—and Emily sat down by his bed-side. The love which bends over the sleeping is, save in its sorrow, like the love which bends over the dead—so deep, so solemn! Suddenly he opened his eyes, but without anything of the starting return to consciousness with which people generally awake—perhaps her appearance harmonized with his dream. Without speaking, but with a look of extreme fondness, he took her hand, and, still holding it, slept again.

Emily felt the grasp tighten and tighten till the rigidity was almost painful: she had drawn the curtains, lest the sun, now come round to that side of the house, should shine too powerfully: a strange awe stole over her in the gloom; she could scarcely in its present position, discern her uncle's face, and she feared to move. The grasp grew tighter; but the hand that held hers colder; his breathing had all along been low, but now it was inaudible. Gently she bent her face over his: unintentionally—for she dreaded to awaken him—her lips touched his; there was no breath to be either heard or felt, and his mouth was like ice. With a sudden desperate effort she freed her hand, from which her uncle's instantly dropped on the bedside, with a noise, slight indeed, but to her ears, like thunder; she flung open the curtains—again the light came full into the room—and looked on a face which both those who have not, and those who have before seen, alike know to be the face of death."

An English gentleman, travelling in America, had his attention arrested by a singular contest between a negro and the mule on which he was mounted. The indocile animal had thought proper to take exception to the carriage of the gentleman, which preceded him, and evinced a decided disinclination to pass it; his rider, on the other hand, was as resolute in his determination to effect a change in the conduct of his beast. At length the gentleman heard blackey exclaim to the mule, "I'll bet you a fivepenny I make you go by this time;" then, nodding his head, he added, "Do you bet?" After which, by means of some very *pressing* arguments of whip and spur he succeeded in making the animal pass the carriage. The gentleman, who had been highly amused with the scene, called to the negro, and observed that, though the wager had been laid, he did not see how payment could be obtained from the mule. "Oh yes," replied the black, massa give me tenpenny for corn for him; he lose the bet, and me only give him five penny."

TRIBUTE TO LAFAYETTE.—We have just seen a gold medal which the regiment of National Guards of this city, commanded by Col. Stevens, are about sending to Lafayette. The design of some such compliment was conceived in the tent of Washington on the 22d of February last, when some of that regiment were doing duty around it. It is designed to commemorate that anniversary. It is a large solid medal of fine American gold, weighing 157 dwt. richly chased and embossed. The centre presents two medallion likenesses of Washington and Lafayette—very striking—surrounded by a wreath of oak and olive, the emblems of force and peace; the lictor's axe unites the two ends of this wreath. On either side, the standard of the United States and that of the National Guard of France are displayed, supported by the various implements of war. On a raised shield beneath the medallions, are quartered the arms of France, of the United States and of the State of New York, with the initials of the N. Y. National Guard. A scroll below bears the motto of the National Guard—"*Pro patria et gloria*." On the reverse, very neatly engraved, are these words:

"*The National Guard (27th Regt. N. Y. S. A.) to* LAFAYETTE. *Centennial Anniversary of the birthday of* WASHINGTON. *New York, 22d Feb., 1832.*"

We are requested to say that this medal will be exhibited to the members of the corps and their friends at Stoneall's on Friday and Saturday from eleven to three o'clock.—*American.*

CONTEST WITH A RATTLESNAKE.—Disregarding all remonstrance, the desperado laid himself down within a few feet of the reptile. He moved his hand towards him as slowly as the hand of a clock, while the snake raised his head and looked him steadily in the eye without offering to strike. When he had advanced his fingers within six inches of the serpent, he snatched it up by the neck as quick as thought, and sprung upon his feet, holding it out at arm's length. The reptile, after a few revolutions of its tail, fixed it firmly round the man's neck, and began to contract his body. Though one of the strongest of men, he felt his arm bend, in spite of all the force of his muscles. Still his iron nerves remained firm. He grasped his right wrist with his left hand, and resisted with all his might; but the snake was too strong for him: when at last he saw its white fangs within six inches of his face, his courage gave way, and he cried to Le Duc to come with his knife. The snake was severed in two. Finchon cast the part he held from him. The animal had attained the full growth of its species, and had thirty-two rattles.—*Sketches of Indian Life and Character.*

DRAMATIC EFFECT.—It is related, in the *Annals of the Stage*, as a remarkable instance of the force of imagination, that, when Bank's play of the *Earl of Essex* was last performed, a soldier who stood sentinel on the stage, entered so deeply into the distress of the scene, that in the delusion of his imagination, upon the *Countess of Nottingham's* denying the receipt of the ring, which *Essex* had sent by her to claim a promise of favour, he exclaimed, "'Tis false! she has it in her bosom," and immediately seized the mock Countess to make her deliver it up.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

UNPALATABLE.—"Have you got any *Hideous* medicine?" said an awkward looking fellow, the other day, to a physician of this city.

"Hideous medicine!" exclaimed the disciple of Æsculapius, "what sort of medicine is that?"

"I don't know what sort, I'm sure," returned the fellow—"but I know that's what they call it. It's a medicine what cures all sorts of complaints."

"It must be a valuable medicine then," said the doctor.

"Sartenly 'tis," said the man, "a most glorious medicine—it cures all manner of diseases quicker 'n you can say Jack Robinson. Have you got any on't, or no?"

"I've nothing by that name."

"Have you got any thing of that natur?"

"I think not."

"Then I've come to the wrong shop, that's all," said the fellow, turning round with a mortified air; and away he went to make further inquiries for his *hideous* medicine—meaning, probably, the famous catholicon, yclept "Hygeian Medicine."—*Constellation.*

EPITAPH.—In a church yard in the village of Rowley, Mass. stands a tombstone erected to the memory of one of its lamented citizens, bearing the following inscription:

O Rowley, Rowley, Rowley!
Thy grief is very sore,
For DEACON JEWETT he is dead
And you'll never see him *again*.

The lack of rhyme, in the last word, (which should have been *more*,) originated in a wag, who happening in the artist's shop at the time when the order for the engraving was handed in, offering to the bearer of the lines, to defray the expense of the whole, if he would allow him to alter a *single word*.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

CARELESSNESS.—A cart laden with brick was negligently driven over a fine boy of eleven years, in Mercer st., who was instantly killed. He was playing with his school-mates. The driver of the cart was arrested, and we hope if he was culpably negligent that he will be severely punished. Cart drivers require some strong admonitions to make them more cautious, particularly drivers of dirt carts.—*Cou. & Enq.*

One thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, the proceeds of a benefit given to the Male Orphan Asylum, at the Orleans Theatre, by some young gentlemen amateurs, has been paid over.

CAUTION TO COOPERS.—We understand that a cooper at the north end, whilst trimming a cask a few days since to the tune of the "Russian dance," flourished his adz rather too freely, and trimmed off the tip of his nose. It is said that he was rather *balmy*, but from his coolness and self possession, (evinced by picking up and pocketing the fragment, in order to have it replaced when he arrived home,) we apprehend the report is scandalous.—*Boston Transcript.*

Thou shalt not "*crib*" thy neighbor's *items*.—[New-Bedford Gazette.

The New-York store keepers are accounted by foreigners the greatest poets in the country. A sign in Maiden-Lane bears (or did bear) the following inscription: [*Ib.*

"The best of brandy and very good gin,
For further particulars inquire within."

"Where is that pretty girl I saw with you a few evenings since?" inquired a dashing buck of an acquaintance. "The one in blue, I presume you mean—Henrietta." "*Henry ate her!*" exclaimed the other in astonishment, "what a cannibal!"—*Ib.*

A Mr. Freeman, of Hartford, advertises an apprentice as having walked away, he being too lazy to run.—Perhaps he wished to be a *free-man* too.—*Ib.*

The total number of emigrants arrived the present season at Quebec, up to the 11th inst. was no less than *twenty-five thousand seven hundred!*

THE DEAD ALIVE!—The Gloucester Telegraph contains the contradiction of the demise of a gentleman, under his own hand, as follows:—

BOSTON, June 12, 1832.

Sir—I observed in your paper of 9th inst. the following death. "In Boston, Mr. Joshua Day, [illegible]." Not being *conscious of having quitted this world*, and therefore not willing to admit it, I beg you will contradict the paragraph. J. D.

Mr. Gouley, who keeps an oyster establishment opposite the City Hotel, North Third street, opened an oyster on Saturday, which showed on the inside of one of the shells a very singular protuberance, resembling in shape the human head; taken *en profile*, it is a tolerable likeness of Dr. Franklin.—*Phil. Post.*

A bricklayer, who was working at the top of a house, happened to fall through the rafters, and, not being hurt, he bounced up, and cried with a triumphant tone to his fellow laborers, "I defy any man to go *through his work* as quick as I did."

The clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk immediately as the sermon was ended, rising up, called out, "I'm desired to give notice that there will be no *service* this afternoon, as Mr. L— is going a fishing with another clergyman." Mr. L. of course, corrected the awkward yet amusing blunder.

A COMPARISON.—Dr. Cox, speaking of Alcohol, at a meeting of a Female Temperance Society, remarked that there was no more nourishment in Alcohol, than in a flash of lightning.

A Glasgow paper mentions *American Cheese* being brought into that market. They are described as of the size of millstones, but of excellent flavor, and commanding good prices.

A HOME THRUST.—When the famous Beckford originated a bill for preventing bribery at elections, which being opposed in a vehement speech by Thurlow, then a member of the House of Commons, Beckford thus ironically replied:—"The honorable gentleman, in his learned discourse, first gave us one definition of corruption, then another—and, I thought at one time, he was about to give us a third; but pray does he imagine that there is a single member of this House who does not know what corruption is!"

DOUBLE PUN.—The Earl of Leicester, that unworthy favorite of Elizabeth, was forming a park around Cornbury, thinking to inclose it with posts and rails. As he was one day calculating the expense, a gentleman stood by, and told the Earl that he did not go the cheapest way to work. "Why?" said my lord. "Because," replied the gentleman, "if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

USEFUL HINT.—Mr. Sharp, the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient turning a little pale, said, "Lord, sir, I hope there is no danger!"—"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon, "for if the fellow does not run like a race horse, the wound will be healed before he returns."

PHILADELPHIA, June 18.

A singular traveller recently made his appearance in this city. He was a young man, about 20 years of age, much deformed, and with a voice as feeble as an infant's. He occupied a small wagon, perhaps a foot high, drawn by two emaciated dogs, harnessed together. When we saw the tourist, he was basking in the hot sun, with a crowd around him, while his canine team, prone on the ground, luxuriated at a pool near a street pump. The young man stated that he was from the country, near Easton, and that his rate of progress was about 25 miles per day. He evidently thought highly of his chaise and pair,—though a more [illegible] and melancholy looking establishment was probably never turned. Such ingenious cruelty deserves unqualified animadversion; and should the aims-asking traveller continue his journey during the present fervid weather there is a great probability that his team will become hydrophobic, turn upon their driver and rend him in [illegible].

PARK.

The alarms from the Cholera have not been without effect upon the Theatres; but as "cheerful spirits" have been recommended as an excellent preventive, we have endeavored to keep up our own by a pretty constant look out for their various attractions.

The Hunchback was brought out at the Park on Monday. It is quite commonplace to call the first representation of a play "a finished rehearsal," but it is really difficult to select a better phrase to apply in the present case. In a few evenings more it will belong legitimately to the critics.

Two of the Park company have taken benefits the last week—Placide and Jones. The first is a great favorite of ours, and—what he probably esteems quite as much—of the public. The Post argued his cause very eloquently, and not without effect. But we thought Mr Placide far too modest in his selection of the evening's entertainments. He is the greatest favorite on the Park boards; and, on an occasion which was to test his popularity, we would much rather have seen him playing in some of his own best characters, his peculiar excellence in which has won for him his popularity, than "enacting second" in a dull Opera. It would have been wiser, if less modest.

Mr. Jones took a benefit on Thursday. It was of course crowded. His efforts to please have ever been zealous, and almost uniformly successful. By assiduous attention to his art, he has gained more reputation as a singer than any American before him.

Mr. Richings takes his benefit on Tuesday next, and has selected the White Lady and the Caliph of Bagdad for the occasion. Richings's McJob is capital, and to add to the attractions, "Mrs. Austin has kindly volunteered her services."

AMERICAN.

Notwithstanding that the Hunchback was announced by Mr. Hamblin quite early, both the rival Theatres have stolen a march upon him, and given it to the public first. The worthy Manager of the American gets over this quite swimmingly, and not a little invidiously, by saying that "*extraordinary talent*" is requisite to do justice to the "splendid conceptions" of J. Sheridan Knowles;—and further, by way of pledge that the representation of the piece on his boards shall not be marred by any WANT of "*extraordinary talent*," he quite modestly posts up in capitals the part of Sir Thomas Clifford by—MR. HAMBLIN. This is taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance. Starving dramatists need no longer fear that injustice will be done their "splendid conceptions;" for we have actors *here* who can do honor to parts requiring every variety of power from tolerable cleverness to "extraordinary talent." But we are much inclined to justify the modest assurance of some folks, when we see Mr. Booth and the pretty Miss Vincent announced in the same piece. And to be impartial, the "splendid conceptions" of Mr. Knowles will be more likely to succeed in such hands than in any others to whom they have fallen in this country. Miss V. will be heartily welcomed back after her few weeks retirement; and, if possible, we shall expect to see her improved by study and reflection. Mr. Booth has a great reputation to sustain, and the Hunchback cannot suffer when personated by the greatest "Richard" and most comical "Jerry Sneak" in the land; and Mr. Hamblin, though he says it himself, is a first rate actor.

Gates had a benefit on Wednesday, and "his friends especially," we are informed, "came up spunky." As this was all he asked, he must of course be satisfied. Gates is a good actor in his line; and when you come to the affair of benefits, he takes the lead "pretty considerably considering."

Mrs. Mangeon's benefit took place last evening. We thought the selection of pieces quite unfortunate. Mons. Gouffe we detest, his performances are so indelicate and grovelling. Mons. Chaubert had better stick to the Laboratory, and Mons. Ventriloquist, wherever he is, should immediately attach himself to some travelling juggler. But Mrs. Mangeon appeared herself, and that redeemed it all. Our best wishes for her and her proud young Roscius.

The season of benefits has arrived, for we have to announce one more—that of Mr. G. Jones for this evening, which he announces in the following Card:

"MR. G. JONES has the honor most respectfully to announce to the public that his Benefit will take place on Saturday evening, June 23, on which occasion will be presented the historical play of "Shakspeare's Early Days," and the classical combat of the Horatii and Curatii; also the Grecian Drama of the "Evil Eye"—Demetri by Mr. G. Jones, in which character he will have the honor of appearing in an original costume of Modern Greece, the same as worn by Lord Byron while supporting the cause of freedom at Missolonghi. The dress is politely loaned by a Virtuoso of this city, and for this occasion only. Miss Clifton, Mrs. Hamblin, and Blanchard will appear."

If Mr. Jones, with "the costume of Modern Greece, as worn by Lord Byron," could assume a little of his Lordship's severity of countenance, it would rid him of that smile which is so apt to come over him in the most serious parts, and it might give him a little the air of his lordship.—But "don't flatter yourself," sir. The bill is very promising, on account of the appearance of Miss Clifton, Mrs. Hamblin, and BLANCHARD. Blanchard is incomparably the greatest attraction at this Theatre. In comedy, he is without a rival in the country.

When Miss V. gets back, we must have "She Stoops to Conquer." But, if we say more, we shall be suspected of longing rather for the pretty "bar-maid" than the truly admirable "Old Hardcastle."

TICKET NIGHT.—We cannot conclude our weekly theatrical gossip without reminding the visitors of the AMERICAN THEATRE, that on Tuesday evening next, the performances are for the benefit of the doorkeepers, &c. We have taken occasion, in a previous paper, to note the assiduous attention of Messrs. LAVERTY & RIKEMAN, the door and box keepers, to gratify the public, and who certainly prefer a claim on their patronage which we hope to see met by their usual liberality.

RICHMOND HILL.

The Hunchback was brought out at this Theatre for Mrs Barnes's benefit last Monday. It is better cast here than at the Park.

The company of the Richmond Hill have among their members some of the most talented players in the [illegible], and when the [illegible] delayed July [illegible] "Old Betsey" himself will be added to it—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"The Gambler's Fate" is announced for performance this evening—Julia, Mrs. Barnes; and the character of Rose will be sustained by a young lady only 10 years of age.

The prices of admission to this Theatre have lately been altered, so as to stand as formerly, viz. Boxes 75 cents, Third Tier 50, Pit 25.

MINA, THE MURDERER.

Aided by the politeness and attention of Benjamin Morris, Esq. Sheriff of Bucks county, we were enabled in the early part of the week, to pass into the Doylestown jail, in which the murderer Mina is awaiting his execution, and to hold some conversation with that unfortunate individual, as well as with other prisoners.

Having passed through various apartments, we were next shown into Mina's cell. We found him engaged in close conversation with high constable Blaney, of this city, but upon our entrance he instantly rose, and received us with much formality. A chain about two feet long was attached to his left foot. He was in dishabille, and consequently less neat and tidy in his appearance than when we saw him in court. He however appeared cheerful and animated, and in the course of conversation, frequently indulged in loud and hearty laughter.

The cell in which he is confined is above ground, airy, light and comfortable. By the side of his bed stood a small table, upon which were writing materials, and a large letter, just sealed, addressed to his father at St. Salvador, under the title of Brigadier General. A number of religious tracts were strewed about the room, and a Spanish bible occupied a shelf at the head of his bed. On the wall we noticed the form of a cross, made in pencil marks by Mina himself.

Mina spoke without reserve of his life and character. Several of the incidents he mentioned we noted down soon after, and we shall give them to the reader, first premising however that but little reliance should be placed upon any which are not corroborated by well known facts. His stories are contradictory, and invented, apparently, to excite the wonder of the curious. He said his parents were of a distinguished family, high in honor, in Trinidad de Cuba, in which island he was born, and continued to reside until he sailed for America. The early part of his life passed with but little to distinguish it from others, except an extraordinary propensity for mischief, and a fondness for female society. When about the age of seventeen, he met with a singular adventure while sailing in a Spanish vessel, on an excursion to a neighboring port. They fell in with a dismantled ship, belonging to the Colombian service from which a boat, containing several sailors and a gentleman in rich uniform, and a lady, was seen to put off. The boat approached the Spanish vessel, and the gentleman in uniform briefly mentioned that his vessel was in a sinking condition, and asked to be taken on board; which request, however the Spanish Captain refused, alleging as a reason, that the sufferers were his country's enemies, and not entitled to humane treatment. Mina expostulated with him, and implored him, by all means to take the lady on board, who it was easy to perceive, was a most beautiful and interesting creature, not more than fifteen years of age. His entreaties had but little effect, until he seized a large Spanish knife, and swore he would kill the first man that dared to prevent the crew of the boat from coming on board. They were then handed on deck, and Mina took care that they should be well treated.

The gentleman proved to be a distinguished officer in the Colombian army, and the lady his daughter. To her Mina made love, and so successfully, that she consented to marry him upon their arrival at Cuba. Her father immediately returned home, and when there remitted, as a marriage portion for his daughter, $22,000 in Spanish doubloons, and subsequently 17,000, in Colombian coin, together with an infinite variety of jewels, rings, &c. With a portion of this money Mina bought a handsome plantation, upon which he settled. He lived with his young wife very happily, for about a year, when she died in giving birth to a daughter. The girl lives with his parents, and will inherit his estate. Mina spoke also of another daughter, now living in Cuba, which he called—for some reason he did not explain—an "unnatural daughter."

After the death of his wife, Mina, having nothing to occupy his attention, connected himself with a battallion of grenadiers, holding the rank of cadet. The officers were generally overbearing, much given to intemperance, and consequently unpopular with the men. They became at length so insolent and tyrannical, that a portion of the battallion resolved to revolt. Accordingly, availing themselves of a favorable opportunity on a parade day, they seized a piece of cannon, in possession of some blacks, and turning it upon the officers, fired and killed a considerable number.—The panic which this movement occasioned was only momentary, the officers rallied the greater portion of the soldiers, and drove the revolters from the field. They fled to a thicket, in a distant part of the island, where they organized into a banditti, making Mina their leader. They numbered forty, all desperate fellows and capable of any species of crime. They depredated on the inhabitants to a great extent, and in the course of their career, robbed the royal treasury of a large amount of money. This latter feat was accomplished at the instance of Mina. He entered the office at a particular hour, when the principal guard was withdrawn, and having himself secured the only person he met, by a preconcerted signal called in his companions, who carried off the booty before an alarm could be raised.

The banditti were hunted constantly, by the regular troops, but for a long time they succeeded in evading pursuit. Their operations were performed principally at night, and upon dwellings and individuals, where they were likely to meet but little resistance. The vigilance of the troops however, gradually narrowed down their sphere of action, and eventually the business becoming too hazardous for Mina, he deserted his friends, and sailed for Boston. From that time his history is pretty well known.

Mina in his manner is lively, jocular, and occasionally communicative. His pronunciation is difficult to be understood, except by those well acquainted with him and much of his language is a strange mixture of French, Spanish and American. He has much of the fop about him, and when speaking keeps his arms, face and body, in incessant motion. In his behavior to the sheriff he is quiet and respectful. In conversing he speaks frequently of titled persons as his immediate friends and connexions, and professes himself unable to give the English translation of their names. He describes a general by mentioning an epaulette, and a civil officer of the government by a sword.

While we were present, a gentleman remarked that Mina's life had been very full of romance. He quickly replied that it had. He said he had been a mischievous, but not a wicked boy, having never shed blood but once, and that in the case of the revolt. He denied having murdered Mr. Chapman, declaring that Mrs C. administered the poison, though, if we correctly understood him, with his knowledge and full consent. He complained of injustice of the law in allowing Mrs. C. to escape, while it required him to suffer death, and presumed it was done because he was a foreigner. He complained bitterly of certain editors, whom he alleged had done him serious injury, in calling him an illegitimate son or "*unnatural*," as he expressed it, and seemed anxious to ascertain who originated that report.

Mina's execution will take place next Thursday, at noon. The spot selected is an island in the Neshamony creek, about two miles from Doylestown. The crowd that will be in attendance will be immense, as great curiosity to see this desperate villain exists in the minds of all. The military force of Bucks and the adjoining counties, has been ordered out to accompany Mina to the gallows.—*Phil. S. E. Post.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

An ill fated cur fell into the hands of some juvenile ruffians, commencing the first stage of cruelty, which often leads to great crimes and an ignominious end. The little wretches had passed from cruelty to cruelty, alternately, stoning their victim and dragging it through a dirty pool of water, then beating and bruising it, and menacing it with drowning. Bipeds passed by, unheeding the agonized animal's cries of distress, which were now coming to a close with its life, when a feeling quadruped came forward to save it. The dog having contemplated for some time this scene of inhumanity, and marked his disapprobation thereof, rushed forward upon the young assassins, and driving them one by one furiously off the spot, sprang to the rescue of the fainting and bleeding animal, and withdrawing it from the deep ditch, bore it off in triumph to his quarters, there extending it upon straw, and licking it all over, he recalled the vital spark, and then laying himself down upon it restored it to some degree of ease, from the warmth imparted to it. After this, the kind and feeling dog fetched provisions to his sick charge, and the people in the house, inspired by the example of the minor animal, gave it warm milk. Day after day did the dog tend the sick object of his care until it was perfectly recovered, and they are both to be seen at this day, after a long lapse of years, at the Talbot Inn, Liverpool.—*Sporting Magazine.*

In one of the Eastern States, two Lawyers having been detained in a country village over the Sabbath, attended a Methodist meeting. The sermon was very interesting, the manner and diction of this speaker good, and he fastened the attention of the whole audience. Frequently there was pronounced in a very rough, loud manner, Amen! by an *ignorant*, yet very devout man, who was excited on the occasion. The Lawyers, with a frown, looked on the man, shook their heads to have him silent. After the speaker had finished, this man arose and said, "I wants to speak! I wants to tell what a good God we got, and he is a very good God, (fixing a sarcastic look upon the Lawyers,) he dont do as our Lawyers do, write us a letter and charge us a *dollar*, but forgives us the debt and cost too!"—*Jerseyman.*

AN ORIGINAL TRAGEDY.—The first drama ever performed in Sweden was enacted in the reign of John II, who bore sway from 1484 to 1513. The actor to whom the part of Loginus was intrusted, had direction to thrust his spear into the Saviour's body, as if it really went through his side. But he played the soldier with so uncouth a hand, that he ran the poor fellow affixed to the cross right through the body; and, what was worse the cross was upset by his violence, and killed the actress who was playing the part of the Virgin. At this his majesty King John, giving way to the first impulse of his rage at the actor's slaughterous awkwardness, rushed upon the stage and struck off his head at a single blow! But the audience, whose powers of digestion were incapable of brooking so furious an outrage on their favorite, immediately burst the trammels of all allegiance asunder, and took bloody vengeance on their monarch, by putting him to death on the spot.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE RUM.—The expression is not yet forty years old; and though it was nursed in London, and served its apprenticeship in Gloucestershire, where it was born, it has long wrought journey work in Staffordshire. Jonas Bell, a country schoolmaster, near Minchinhampton, but in the new *is-to-be* borough of Stroud, had a pupil so remarkably stupid, that on one occasion, when he found it necessary to exhibit his abilities before the lady patroness at a fixed examination, he selected the most familiar words to fix his analysis upon: the first was M-I-L-K, and what does that spell? said Jonas. "Don't know" said the lad. What does your mother put in her tea? said Jonas, quite *cock-sure* of his answer. "*Rum, Sir*," replied the promising youth. The lady patroness vanished, Jonas Bell was *botherred*, and the boy was pleased with his own sharpness; but it soon became a matter among the sparks of Gloucestershire, when recommenced to the favor of a young lady, first of all to inquire if she was a "*rum 'un*."

FEMALE INGENUITY.

"And would have vow'd, and would have sworn,
But Ellen kissed him dumb."

A case occurs, of a Scotch lady, who effected a cure in her husband, as happily as that of *Ellen*, though probably she would not please the exquisitely firm feelings of the gentlemen, as much. She had suffered years—and entreaties, and kindness had proved unavailing. She had been ardent in her attachment, and faithful in all her duties, but the husband whom she loved, was a tipler still. She saw her children destitute, around her, and arising one morning, after a sleepless night, she saw her husband going out for his accustomed beverage, and without preface or apology, followed, saying that she had vowed never to leave nor forsake him; and that where he tarried, there she would tarry, and where he lodged, there she would lodge; he hasted, she pursued, he reached a tavern, she was by his side, he sat down, she did likewise, he entreated her to return, promising to follow in a few minutes, she would not be prevailed upon. He arose and went to a store, the faithful wife was there; he then resorted to the expedient which seldom fails, that her children were in need o her aid, reproached her with cruelty, she persisted that her first duty was towards her husband, till his own reproof turned upon himself, and he said, I have been the *cruel* parent, neglected my children, abused my wife, kindly took her by the arm, acknowledging you are right, and I was wrong, accompanied her home, and twelve years have proved him too, "the soberest man alive."

If by the liberty of the Press, we understand the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please; but if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it whenever our legislators shall please to alter the law; and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others, for the privilege of not being abused myself.—*Franklin.*

A country doctor, of homely breeding, courted a brisk girl, the daughter of a farmer, who was pursuaded to marry him—he having a pretty good estate. Accordingly, the day was appointed. But shortly after, spying a mare on which the old man used to ride, and which for her easy gait was much esteemed, he (the doctor) desired to have her given in to complete his matrimonial bargain, but being refused, he flung away in a huff, and told the father he might keep his daughter. The girl was delighted with this rapture; the doctor repented of his folly, and came again to see her, when she was at home alone. She pretended to have no knowledge of him. "Why, it is strange," said he, "that you should so soon forget me, I am your old admirer, the doctor." "I cry your mercy, sir," replied she, "I do remember me of such a person: you are the gentleman who came wooing my father's grey mare. Your mistress is grazing in the orchard, and you may make your addresses to her if you please."

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.—The ladies will be curious to know what kind of marriage this is. It is sometimes called in Germany a *left hand marriage*, and is one in which it is stipulated that the wife and her children shall not enjoy the privilege of the husband's rank, nor inherit its possessions. The king of Prussia contracted a marriage of this sort with the present princess of Leignitz. The common law of Germany permits such marriage only to the high nobility. They are not illegal therefore, though objectionable on other principles.

LAST WEEK'S MATCH,

Over the Mount Vernon Trotting Course.

The match for a Saddle, Bridle and Martingale, two mile heats, which came off on Thursday last, agreeably to the announcement in our paper, resulted in favor of Mulatto Mary. We are indebted to Mr Oliver, the proprietor, for the following brief abstract:—

Three horses appeared at the starting post, at 5 o'clock, viz:

Mulatto Mary,	1	1
Little Dolly,	2	2
Live Oak,	3	3

First heat.—Mulatto Mary gallantly took the lead and kept it to the close, though hard pressed by Live Oak, who has been favorably known in times gone by, as a horse of speed and bottom. He seems too far gone in the "decline of life" to compete with his coquettish rival, and has received the honorable title of the "Old Veteran;" Little Dolly lay back for the

Second Heat.—Mulatto Mary again led the field, almost lapped by Little Dolly, who, to her credit, "many a time and oft," showed her willingness to exchange situations; but 'twas *no go*, Mulatto Mary taking the heat with apparent ease. In this heat, which was better contested than the first, the "Old Veteran's powder," to use the words of our informant, "flashed in the pan near the close," but we learn that had Little Dolly been in prime condition, the result might perhaps have been otherwise.

TIME.—1st heat, 6m. 39s.—2d heat, 6m. 40s.

We understand that the Course was considerably thronged by "Whips" of the city, and others. As the public were not generally aware of the improvements of Mr. Oliver, we anticipate in future a much larger collection of spectators, though we understand above a thousand were on the ground.

We beg leave to call the attention of those interested in the Sports of the Turf, to Mr. O's advertisement, which is annexed.

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.

On Thursday, June 28th, a Saddle, Bridle and Martingale, will be trotted for over this course, lately improved by the proprietor, WILLIAM OLIVER, for 3 mile heats, by 3m 15s. Horses, to commence at 3 o'clock, P. M.

N. B. Matches every Thursday until notice is given to the contrary, in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The results will be given weekly in the same paper.

Philadelphia Fencibles.—This company, under the command of Captain Page, arrived here Thursday morning from Providence, and left this city for Philadelphia in the boat which departed in the forenoon. In consequence of this short stay, the committees appointed by the Common Council had not an opportunity to entertain them in the manner resolved upon by our city authorities as a mark of respect to our sister city.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—Bills of the Utica [N. Y.] Bank of the denomination of $10 were industriously circulated in this city on Monday and Tuesday last. They are extremely well calculated to deceive, being well filled up, on good paper, and bearing a close resemblance to the originals. The public cannot be too much on their guard.

In a party, of which Porson was a guest, there was also a physician a Dr. Brocklesby, a descendant of the eminent man who attended Dr. Johnson in his last illness. In addressing Dr. B., Porson always called him Dr. Rock,—'Yes, Dr. Rock'—'No, Dr. Rock,' &c.—a name rendered almost infamous by Hogarth in his picture of the March of the Guards. At length Dr. B. became offended, and said—'Mr. Porson, my name is not Rock, it is Brock-les-by'—pronouncing the syllables distinctly. 'Well,' said Porson, 'if Brock—less B. is not Rock, I know nothing of Algebra.'

INSTINCT.—"The captain of a trading vessel, who now resides at Brighton, picked up lately a dog at sea, more than twenty miles from land.—This circumstance may throw some light on the fact of dogs, which have been sent to France or Ireland from England, finding their way back.—The present Earl of L—— sent some drafted hounds from his kennel in Cumberland to Ireland, where they were safely received, and a receipt given for them to the person who brought them over. Three weeks afterwards, two of those hounds made their appearance at Lord L.'s kennel, though in a very exhausted state. A gentleman also informed me, that a pointer dog which had been left at Calais made its way over to England. The most amusing fact of this kind that I know of, is one that was related to me by a gentleman on whose veracity I can place the most implicit reliance; and though it may appear to some of my readers to border upon the marvellous, I think it too entertaining to withhold it. He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the 44th regiment, who had occasion when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he taught the dog the tricks, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him.—The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge."

Washington Taylor, an old convict, whose arrest our police report mentioned some weeks ago, was sentenced about noon, yesterday, by Judge King, to imprisonment, for six years, having been convicted on two indictments, one for making, the other for uttering, counterfeit Bank Notes. Before the man was removed from the bar he cut his throat with a pen-knife, in such a manner, that his death will probably be the consequence. He had been treated mildly by the Court—for he might have been confined during seven years, for each of his two offences.

Philadelphia Sentinel.

Taylor, the convict, who cut his throat yesterday in court, was alive at a late hour in the afternoon, having been placed in the hands of an eminent surgeon as speedily as possible. While hearing his sentence he smiled in the Judge's face with apparent indifference. The Court proceeded with a case in which a Jury had been sworn; but almost immediately, the attention of some of the Jurors was called away by an exclamation from some one near the convict, "You rascal, what are you about?" Taylor was just then taking the knife from his throat. A handkerchief was instantly applied to the wound to stop the bleeding, which was profuse; and even then the man laughed carelessly, and told those about him that if he had failed then, he would effect his purpose at another time.—*Phil. Chron.*

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ILADELPHIA, June 18.
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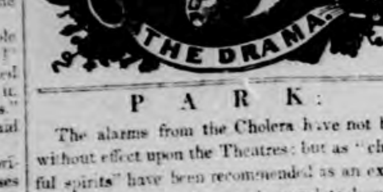


P A R K.

The alarms from the Cholera have not been without effect upon the Theatres: but as "cheerful spirits" have been recommended as an excellent preventive, we have endeavored to keep up our own by a pretty constant look out for their various attractions.

The Hunchback was brought out at the Park on Monday. It is quite commonplace to call the first representation of a play "a finished rehearsal," but it is really difficult to select a better phrase to apply in the present case. In a few evenings more it will belong legitimately to the critics.

Two of the Park company have taken benefits the last week—Placide and Jones. The first is a great favorite of ours, and—what he probably esteems quite as much—of the public. The Post argued his cause very eloquently, and not without effect. But we thought Mr Placide far too modest in his selection of the evening's entertainments. He is the greatest favorite on the Park boards; and, on an occasion which was to test his popularity, we would much rather have seen him playing in some of his own best characters, his peculiar excellence in which has won for him his popularity, than "enacting second" in a dull Opera. It would have been wiser, if less modest.

Mr. Jones took a benefit on Thursday. It was of course crowded. His efforts to please have ever been zealous, and almost uniformly successful. By assiduous attention to his art, he has gained more reputation as a singer than any American before him.

Mr. Richings takes his benefit on Tuesday next, and has selected the White Lady and the Caliph of Bagdad for the occasion. Richings's McJob is capital, and, to add to the attractions, "Mrs. Austin has kindly volunteered her services."

A M E R I C A N.

Notwithstanding that the Hunchback was announced by Mr. Hamblin quite early, both the rival Theatres have stolen a march upon him, and given it to the public first. The worthy Manager of the American gets over this quite swimmingly, and not a little invidiously, by saying that "*extraordinary talent*" is requisite to do justice to the "splendid conceptions" of J. Sheridan Knowles:—and further, by way of pledge that the representation of the piece on his boards shall not be marred by any WANT of "*extraordinary talent*," he quite modestly posts up in capitals the part of Sir Thomas Clifford by—MR. HAMBLIN. This is taking the bull by the horns with a vengeance. Starving dramatists need no longer fear that injustice will be done their "splendid conceptions;" for we have actors *here* who can do honor to parts requiring every variety of power from tolerable cleverness to "extraordinary talent." But we are much inclined to justify the modest assurance of some folks, when we see Mr. Booth and the pretty Miss Vincent announced in the same piece. And to be impartial, the "splendid conceptions" of Mr. Knowles will be more likely to succeed in such hands than in any others to whom they have fallen in this country. Miss V. will be heartily welcomed back after her few weeks' retirement; and, if possible, we shall expect to see her improved by study and reflection. Mr Booth has a great reputation to sustain, and the Hunchback cannot suffer when personated by the greatest "Richard" and most comical "Jerry Sneak" in the land; and Mr. Hamblin, though he says it himself, is a first rate actor.

Gates had a benefit on Wednesday, and "his friends especially," we are informed, "came up spunky." As this was all he asked, he must of course be satisfied. Gates is a good actor in his line; and when you come to the affair of benefits, he takes the lead "pretty considerably considering."

Mrs. Mangeon's benefit took place last evening. We thought the selection of pieces quite unfortunate. Mons. Gouffe we detest, his performances are so indelicate and grovelling. Mons. Chaubert had better stick to the Laboratory; and Mons. Ventriloquist, whoever he is, should immediately attach himself to some travelling juggler. But Mrs Mangeon appeared herself, and that redeemed it all. Our best wishes for her and her proud young Roscius.

The season of benefits has arrived, for we have to announce one more—that of Mr. G. Jones for this evening, which he announces in the following Card:

"MR. G. JONES has the honor most respectfully to announce to the public that his Benefit will take place on Saturday evening, June 23, on which occasion will be presented the historical play of "Shakspeare's Early Days," and the classical combat of the Horatii and Curatii; also the Grecian Drama of the "Evil Eye"—Demetri by Mr. G. Jones, in which character he will have the honor of appearing in an original costume of Modern Greece, the same as worn by Lord Byron while supporting the cause of freedom at Missolonghi. The dress is politely loaned by a Virtuoso of this city, and for this occasion only. Miss Clifton, Mrs. Hamblin, and Blanchard will appear."

If Mr Jones, with "the costume of Modern Greece, as worn by Lord Byron," could assume a little of his Lordship's severity of countenance, it would rid him of the smile which is so apt to come over him in the most serious parts, and it might give him a little the air of his lordship.—But "don't flatter yourself," sir. The bill is very promising, on account of the appearance of Miss Clifton, Mrs. Hamblin, and BLANCHARD. Blanchard is incomparably the greatest attraction at this Theatre. In comedy, he is without a rival in the country.

When Miss V. gets back, we must have "She Stoops to Conquer." But, if we say more, we shall be suspected of longing rather for the pretty "bar maid" than the truly admirable "Old Hardcastle."

TICKET NIGHT.—We cannot conclude our weekly theatrical gossip without reminding the visitors of the AMERICAN THEATRE, that on Tuesday evening next, the performances are for the benefit of the doorkeepers, &c. We have taken occasion in a previous paper to note the assiduous attention of Messrs. LAVERTY & RIKEMAN, the door and box keepers, to gratify the public, and who certainly prefer a claim on their patronage which we hope to see met by their usual [illegible].

RICHMOND HILL.

The Hunchback was brought out at this Theatre for Mrs. Barnes's benefit last Monday. It is better cast here than at the Park.

The company of the Richmond Hill have among their members some of the most talented players in the land; and when the long delayed July shall come, "Old Barney" himself will be added to it—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"The Gambler's Fate" is announced for performance this evening—Julia, Mrs Barnes; and the character of Rose will be sustained by a young lady only 10 years of age.

The prices of admittance to this Theatre have lately been altered so as to stand as formerly, viz. Boxes 75 cents, Third Tier 50, Pit 25.

MINA, THE MURDERER.

Aided by the politeness and attention of Benjamin Morris, Esq. Sheriff of Bucks county, we were enabled in the early part of the week, to look into the Doylestown jail in which the murderer Mina is awaiting his execution, and to hold some conversation with that unfortunate individual, as well as with other prisoners.

Having passed through various apartments, we were next shown into Mina's cell. We found him engaged in close conversation with high constable Blaney, of this city, but upon our entrance he instantly rose, and received us with much formality. A chain about two feet long was attached to his left foot. He was in dishabille, and consequently less neat and tidy in his appearance, than when we saw him in court. He however appeared cheerful and animated, and in the course of conversation, frequently indulged in loud and hearty laughter.

The cell in which he is confined is above ground, airy, light and comfortable. By the side of his bed stood a small table, upon which were writing materials, and a large letter, just sealed, addressed to his father at St. Salvador, under the title of Brigadier General. A number of religious tracts were strewed about the room, and a Spanish bible occupied a shelf at the head of his bed. On the wall we noticed the form of a cross, made in pencil marks by Mina himself.

Mina spoke without reserve of his life and character. Several of the incidents he mentioned we noted down soon after, and we shall give them to the reader, first premising however that but little reliance should be placed upon any which are not corroborated by well known facts. His stories are contradictory, and invented, apparently, to excite the wonder of the curious. He said his parents were of a distinguished family, high in honor, in Trinidad de Cuba, in which island he was born, and continued to reside until he sailed for America. The early part of his life passed with but little to distinguish it from others, except an extraordinary propensity for mischief, and a fondness for female society. When about the age of seventeen, he met with a singular adventure while sailing in a Spanish vessel, on an excursion to a neighboring port. They fell in with a dismantled ship, belonging to the Colombian service from which a boat, containing several sailors and a gentleman in rich uniform and a lady, was seen to put off. The boat approached the Spanish vessel, and the gentleman in uniform briefly mentioned that his vessel was in a sinking condition, and asked to be taken on board; which request, however the Spanish Captain refused, alleging as a reason, that the sufferers were his country's enemies, and not entitled to humane treatment. Mina expostulated with him, and implored him, by all means to take the lady on board, who it was easy to perceive, was a most beautiful and interesting creature, not more than fifteen years of age. His entreaties had but little effect, until he seized a large Spanish knife, and swore he would kill the first man that dared to prevent the crew of the boat from coming on board. They were then handed on deck, and Mina took care that they should be well treated.

The gentleman proved to be a distinguished officer in the Colombian army, and the lady his daughter. To her Mina made love, and so successfully, that she consented to marry him upon their arrival at Cuba. Her father immediately returned home, and when there remitted, as a marriage portion for his daughter, $22,000 in Spanish doubloons, and subsequently 17,000, in Colombian coin, together with an infinite variety of jewels, rings, &c. With a portion of this money Mina bought a handsome plantation, upon which he settled. He lived with his young wife very happily, for about a year, when she died in giving birth to a daughter. The girl lives with his parents, and will inherit his estate. Mina spoke also of another daughter, now living in Cuba, which he called—for some reason he did not explain—an "unnatural daughter."

After the death of his wife, Mina, having nothing to occupy his attention, connected himself with a battallion of grenadiers, holding the rank of cadet. The officers were generally overbearing, much given to intemperance, and consequently unpopular with the men. They became at length so insolent and tyrannical, that a portion of the battalion resolved to revolt. Accordingly, availing themselves of a favorable opportunity on a parade day, they seized a piece of cannon, in possession of some blacks, and turning it upon the officers, fired and killed a considerable number.—The panic which this movement occasioned was only momentary, the officers rallied the greater portion of the soldiers, and drove the revolters from the field. They fled to a thicket, in a distant part of the island, where they organized into a banditti, making Mina their leader. They numbered forty, all desperate fellows and capable of any species of crime. They depredated on the inhabitants to a great extent, and in the course of their career, robbed the royal treasury of a large amount of money. This latter feat was accomplished at the instance of Mina. He entered the office at a particular hour, when the principal guard was withdrawn, and having himself secured the only person he met, by a preconcerted signal called in his companions, who carried off the booty before an alarm could be raised.

The banditti were hunted constantly, by the regular troops, but for a long time they succeeded in evading pursuit. Their operations were performed principally at night, and upon dwellings and individuals, where they were likely to meet but little resistance. The vigilance of the troops however, gradually narrowed down their sphere of action, and eventually the business becoming too hazardous for Mina, he deserted his friends, and sailed for Boston. From that time his history is pretty well known.

Mina in his manner is lively, jocular, and occasionally communicative. His pronunciation is difficult to be understood, except by those well acquainted with him, and much of his language is a strange mixture of French, Spanish and American. He has much of the fop about him, and when speaking keeps his arms, face and body, in incessant motion. In his behavior to the sheriff he is quiet and respectful. In conversing he speaks frequently of titled persons as his immediate friends and connexions, and professes himself unable to give the English translation of their names. He describes a general by mentioning an epaulette, and a civil officer of the government by a sword.

While we were present, a gentleman remarked that Mina's life had been very full of romance. He quickly replied that it had. He said he had been a mischievous, but not a wicked boy, having never shed blood but once, and that in the case of the revolt. He denied having murdered Mr. Chapman, declaring that Mrs C. administered the poison, though, if we correctly understood him, with his knowledge and full consent. He complained of injustice of the law in allowing Mrs C. to escape, while it required him to suffer death, and presumed it was done because he was a foreigner. He complained bitterly of certain editors, whom he alleged had done him serious injury, in calling him an illegitimate son or "*unnatural*," as he expressed it, and seemed anxious to ascertain who originated that report.

Mina's execution will take place next Thursday, at noon. The spot selected is an island in the Neshamony creek, about two miles from Doylestown. The crowd that will be in attendance will be immense, as great curiosity to see this desperate villain exists in the minds of all. The military force of Bucks and the adjoining counties, has been ordered out to accompany Mina to the gallows.—*Phil. S. E. Post.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

An ill fated cur fell into the hands of some juvenile ruffians, commencing the first stage of cruelty, which often leads to great crimes and an ignominious end. The little wretches had passed from cruelty to cruelty, alternately, stoning their victim and dragging it through a dirty pool of water, then beating and bruising it, and menacing it with drowning. Bipeds passed by, unheeding the agonized animal's cries of distress, which were now coming to a close with its life, when a feeling quadruped came forward to save it. The dog having contemplated for some time this scene of inhumanity, and marked his disapprobation thereof, rushed forward upon the young assassins, and driving them one by one furiously off the spot, sprang to the rescue of the fainting and bleeding animal, and withdrawing it from the deep ditch, bore it off in triumph to his quarters, there extending it upon straw, and licking it all over, he recalled the vital spark, and then laying himself down upon it restored it to some degree of ease, from the warmth imparted to it. After this, the kind and feeling dog fetched provisions to his sick charge, and the people in the house, inspired by the example of the minor animal, gave it warm milk. Day after day did the dog tend the sick object of his care until it was perfectly recovered, and they are both to be seen at this day, after a long lapse of years, at the Talbot Inn, Liverpool.—*Sporting Magazine.*

In one of the Eastern States, two Lawyers having been detained in a country village over the Sabbath, attended a Methodist meeting. The sermon was very interesting, the manner and diction of this speaker good, and he fastened the attention of the whole audience. Frequently there was pronounced in a very rough, loud manner, Amen! by an *ignorant*, yet very devout man, who was excited on the occasion. The Lawyers, with a frown, looked on the man, shook their heads to have him silent. After the speaker had finished, this man arose and said, "I wants to speak! I wants to tell what a good God we got, and he is a very good God, (fixing a sarcastic look upon the Lawyers,) he dont do as our Lawyers do, write us a letter and charge us a *dollar*, but forgives us the debt and cost too!"—*Jerseyman.*

AN ORIGINAL TRAGEDY.—The first drama ever performed in Sweden was enacted in the reign of John II, who bore sway from 1484 to 1513. The actor to whom the part of Loginus was intrusted, had direction to thrust his spear into the Saviour's body, as if it really went through his side. But he played the soldier with so uncouth a hand, that he ran the poor fellow affixed to the cross right through the body; and, what was worse the cross was upset by his violence, and killed the actress who was playing the part of the Virgin. At this his majesty King John, giving way to the first impulse of his rage at the actor's slaughterous awkwardness, rushed upon the stage and struck off his head at a single blow! But the audience, whose powers of digestion were incapable of brooking so furious an outrage on their favorite, immediately burst the trammels of all allegiance asunder, and took bloody vengeance on their monarch, by putting him to death on the spot.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE RUM.—The expression is not yet forty years old; and though it was nursed in London, and served its apprenticeship in Gloucestershire, where it was born, it has long wrought journey work in Staffordshire. Jonas Bell, a country schoolmaster, near Minchiahampton, but in the new *is-to-be* borough of Stroud, had a pupil so remarkably stupid, that on one occasion, when he found it necessary to exhibit his abilities before the lady patroness at a fixed examination, he selected the most familiar words to fix his analysis upon: the first was M-I-L-K, and what does that spell? said Jonas. "Don't know" said the lad. What does your mother put in her tea? said Jonas, quite *cock-sure* of his answer. "*Rum, Sir,*" replied the promising youth. The lady patroness vanished, Jonas Bell was *bothered*, and the boy was pleased with his own sharpness; but it soon became a matter among the sparks of Gloucestershire, when recommenced to the favor of a young lady, first of all to inquire if she was a "*rum 'un*"

FEMALE INGENUITY.

"And would have vow'd, and would have sworn,
But Ellen kissed him dumb."

A case occurs, of a Scotch lady, who effected a cure in her husband, as happily as that of *Ellen*, though probably she would not please the exquisitely firm feelings of the gentlemen, as much. She had suffered years—and entreaties, and kindness had proved unavailing. She had been ardent in her attachment, and faithful in all her duties, but the husband whom she loved, was a tipler still. She saw her children destitute, around her, and arising one morning, after a sleepless night, she saw her husband going out for his accustomed beverage, and without preface or apology, followed, saying that she had vowed never to leave nor forsake him; and that where he tarried, there she would tarry, and where he lodged, there she would lodge; he hasted, she pursued, he reached a tavern, she was by his side, he sat down, she did likewise, he entreated her to return, promising to follow in a few minutes, she would not be prevailed upon. He arose and went to a store, the faithful wife was there; he then resorted to the expedient which seldom fails, that her children were in need of her aid, reproached her with cruelty, she persisted that her first duty was towards her husband, till his own reproof turned upon himself, and he said, I have been the *cruel* parent, neglected my children, abused my wife, kindly took her by the arm, acknowledging you are right, and I was wrong, accompanied her home, and twelve years have proved him too, "the soberest man alive."

If by the liberty of the Press, we understand the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please; but if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it whenever our legislators shall please to alter the law; and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others, for the privilege of not being abused myself.—*Franklin.*

A country doctor, of homely breeding, courted a brisk girl, the daughter of a farmer, who was persuaded to marry him—he having a pretty good estate. Accordingly, the day was appointed. But shortly after, spying a mare on which the old man used to ride, and which for her easy gait was much esteemed, he (the doctor) desired to have her given in to complete his matrimonial bargain, but being refused, he flung away in a huff, and told the father he might keep his daughter. The girl was delighted with this rapture; the doctor repented of his folly, and came again to see her, when she was at home alone. She pretended to have no knowledge of him. "Why, it is strange," said he, "that you should so soon forget me, I am your old admirer, the doctor." "I cry your mercy, sir," replied she, "I do remember me of such a person; you are the gentleman who came wooing my father's grey mare. Your mistress is grazing in the orchard, and you may make your addresses to her if you please."

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.—The ladies will be curious to know what kind of marriage this is. It is sometimes called in Germany a *left hand marriage*, and is one in which it is stipulated that the wife and her children shall not enjoy the privilege of the husband's rank, nor inherit its possessions. The king of Prussia contracted a marriage of this sort with the present princess of Leignitz. The common law of Germany permits such marriage only to the high nobility. They are not illegal therefore, though objectionable on other principles.

LAST WEEK'S MATCH.

Over the Mount Vernon Trotting Course.

The match for a Saddle, Bridle and Martingale, two mile heats, which came off on Thursday last, agreeably to the announcement in our paper, resulted in favor of Mulatto Mary. We are indebted to Mr. Oliver, the proprietor, for the following brief abstract.—

Three horses appeared at the starting post, at 5 o'clock, viz:

Mulatto Mary,	1	1
Little Dolly,	2	2
Live Oak,	3	3

First heat.—Mulatto Mary gallantly took the lead and kept it to the close, though hard pressed by Live Oak, who has been favorably known in times gone by, as a horse of speed and bottom. He seems too far gone in the "decline of life" to compete with his coquettish rival, and has received the honorable title of the "Old Veteran;" Little Dolly lay back for the

Second Heat.—Mulatto Mary again led the field, almost lapped by Little Dolly, who, to her credit, "many a time and oft," showed her willingness to exchange situations; but 'twas *no go*, Mulatto Mary taking the heat with apparent ease. In this heat, which was better contested than the first, the "Old Veteran's powder," to use the words of our informant, "flashed in the pan near the close," but we learn that had Little Dolly been in prime condition, the result might perhaps have been otherwise.

TIME.—1st heat, 6m. 30s.—2d heat, 6m. 10s.

We understand that the Course was considerably thronged by "Whips" of the city, and others. As the public were not generally aware of the improvements of Mr. Oliver, we anticipate in future a much larger collection of spectators, though we understand above a thousand were on the ground.

We beg leave to call the attention of those interested in the Sports of the Turf, to Mr. O's advertisement, which is annexed.

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.

On Thursday, June 28th, a Saddle, Bridle and Martingale, will be trotted for over this course, lately improved by the proprietor, WILLIAM OLIVER, for 3 mile heats, by 3m. 15s. Horses, to commence at 3 o'clock, P. M.

N. B. Matches every Thursday until notice is given to the contrary, in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The results will be given weekly in the same paper.

Philadelphia Fencibles.—This company, under the command of Captain Page, arrived here Thursday morning from Providence, and left this city for Philadelphia in the boat which departed in the forenoon. In consequence of this short stay, the committees appointed by the Common Council had not an opportunity to entertain them in the manner resolved upon by our city authorities as a mark of respect to our sister city.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—Bills of the Utica [N. Y.] Bank of the denomination of $10 were industriously circulated in this city on Monday and Tuesday last. They are extremely well calculated to deceive, being well filled up, on good paper, and bearing a close resemblance to the originals. The public cannot be too much on their guard.

In a party, of which Porson was a guest, there was also a physician, a Dr. Brocklesby, a descendant of the eminent man who attended Dr. Johnson in his last illness. In addressing Dr. B., Porson always called him Dr. Rock,—'Yes, Dr. Rock'—'No, Dr. Rock,' &c.—a name rendered almost infamous by Hogarth in his picture of the March of the Guards. At length Dr. B. became offended, and said—'Mr. Porson, my name is not Rock, it is Brock-lesby'—pronouncing the syllables distinctly. 'Well,' said Porson, 'if Brock—less B. is not Rock, I know nothing of Algebra.'

INSTINCT.—"The captain of a trading vessel, who now resides at Brighton, picked up lately a dog at sea, more than twenty miles from land.—This circumstance may throw some light on the fact of dogs, which have been sent to France or Ireland from England, finding their way back.—The present Earl of L—— sent some drafted hounds from his kennel in Cumberland to Ireland, where they were safely received, and a receipt given for them to the person who brought them over. Three weeks afterwards, two of those hounds made their appearance at Lord L.'s kennel, though in a very exhausted state. A gentleman also informed me, that a pointer dog which had been left at Calais made its way over to England. The most amusing fact of this kind that I know of, is one that was related to me by a gentleman on whose veracity I can place the most implicit reliance; and though it may appear to some of my readers to border upon the marvellous, I think it too entertaining to withhold it. He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the 44th regiment, who had occasion when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he taught the dog the tricks, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him.—The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge.

Washington Taylor, an old convict, whose arrest our police report mentioned some weeks ago, was sentenced about noon, yesterday, by Judge King, to imprisonment, for six years, having been convicted on two indictments, one for making, the other for uttering, counterfeit Bank Notes. Before the man was removed from the bar, he cut his throat with a pen knife, in such a manner, that his death will probably be the consequence. He had been treated mildly by the Court—for he might have been confined during seven years, for each of his two offences.

Philadelphia Sentinel.

Taylor, the convict, who cut his throat yesterday in court, was alive at a late hour in the afternoon, having been placed in the hands of an eminent surgeon as speedily as possible. While hearing his sentence he smiled in the Judge's face with apparent indifference. The Court proceeded with a case in which a Jury had been sworn; but, almost immediately, the attention of some of the Jurors was called away by an exclamation from some one near the convict. "You rascal, what are you about?" Taylor was just then taking the knife from his throat. A handkerchief was instantly applied to the wound to stop the bleeding, which was profuse; and even then the man laughed carelessly, and told those about him that if he had failed then, he would effect his purpose at another time.—*Phil. Gaz.*

THE CHOLERA'S WARNING.

The following humorous warning upon this grave subject may perhaps do more real good than advice in a more serious garb. It is assumed to be addressed to the Editor of a newspaper.

SIR—As I am at present residing in England, and may probably soon pay a visit to my friends in America, I have thought it best to send beforehand to your columns a slight sketch of my history and proceedings. I was born and bred in India. My father, who is a well known old serpent, named me Cholera, by way of signifying his sympathy and regard to the cross and choleric portion of mankind. I am particularly attached to every thing my parents has a hand in, consorting always, in whatever country I inhabit, with the promoters of any kind of evil and iniquity. The profligates, the drunkards, the gluttons, the lazy, the dirty, the quarrelsome, may be sure I shall find out their abode.

I never fail to fix on those constitutions that have been enfeebled by debauchery, or undermined by the infallable poisons which are such favorites in your country, under the name of quack medicines. I prefer lodging always in narrow courts, and in cellars under ground, in chambers where no windows will open in the neighborhood of gasometers, ponds, or the purlieus of public houses, sedulent of bar beer, amongst effluvia of punch, whiskey, and blue-ruin. But this I must observe, that if a man be industrious, sober, and temperate, I shall have nothing to say to him. If he rises early, open wide his windows, wash himself from head to foot, whitewash often his house, take his meals with his family, and keep himself always in good humor with his neighbors—such a one I cannot abide.—He may live in health, and die, in good old age, for all I can do to the contrary. I pass by his cheerful hearth and heart to revel in the rotten liver of the drunkard, and stir about the boiling bile of the sulky, the discontented, and the litigious.

I am sir, yours truly,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

P. S.—For the information of artificers I beg to add that I am very fond of kissing faces well grimmed with soot and dirt; I revel in those stomachs which are stuffed one half the week and starved the other.

Tableaux Vivans.

Athenæum Rooms, cor. of Broadway and Pine st.

THE exhibition of animated portraits, together with many more optical illusions, will open for the first time to the public on Monday, 18th inst., to continue every clear day, from 11 to 5 o'clock (Sundays excepted.) Entrance in Pine street. Admittance 25 cents. Season tickets 50 cents.

A C A R D.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No. 197 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

WANTED ALSO,

A young or middle-aged man as a partner in a safe, pleasant, and profitable business, the capital required is only $350 and the Business is worth $1500 per annum. Apply to J. GREEN & Co.
197 Pearl street.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 195 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS.

☞ Wall street, No. 3, corner of New st.
opposite the Wall street church.

⁂ VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100 Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

JOHN BLAIR,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 15 HANOVER STREET,
NEW-YORK.

To Sportsmen.

CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store, and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Henning's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels, Landing and Shrimp Nets, patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS.

No. 3 Wall st., cor. New st., opposite the Church.

⁂ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

to 15

JAMES MOORE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments and general regulations, will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state, and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense. The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz. Messrs. Walker, Jones, Jackson, Grain, James and Sam. Hennington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The illusion is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade, fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still farther, resting on beauties, the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror of more than 300 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep out among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Globes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Globes and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, produced from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired.—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light-house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 2000 square feet of canvass.

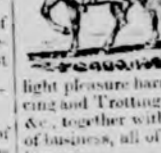
The Grand Military Band which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night-air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms apply at the Garden.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.



J. B. CARTER, 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and to particular to gentlemen of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description. Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

Thatched Cottage Garden,

JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June 9—tf.

Fishing and Fowling Tackle

STORE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket fights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. WM. HIGG,
25 Nassau St.

Hardware & Fishing Tackle

STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimps, Minnows, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton street.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

Booksellers, Jewellers,

AND DEALERS IN

FINE FANCY GOODS,

WHO desire a neat and good article in this line (which is always the cheapest,) for retailing, are informed that they can always procure at the OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

Fine Pocket Books, Card-cases, &c.

from the subscriber's *GREAT ASSORTMENT* of

170 KINDS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

at the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality from 50 cents to $15 per doz.

LOOK FOR

T. RUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 WILLIAM STREET, New York.

WANTED.

MERCHANTS and others wishing to employ clerks, or assistance of any description, with good references, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham Square, as no other will be furnished from this office. Clerks and all others wishing to obtain employment in any branch of business, by giving satisfactory references, can find good and permanent situations by applying at the above office. Boarding houses supplied with genteel boarders.

☞ No charge if not procured.

Commission and Exchange

OFFICE,

130 BROADWAY.

S. J. SYLVESTER continues to discount Notes on all the Banks throughout the United States, the Canadas, England and Ireland. He purchases and sells Bank of England Notes, as also Gold and Silver of all kinds. Notes, Drafts, &c., payable in any part of the States or Europe, collected on most reasonable terms. Commission business in all its branches, by

S. J. SYLVESTER.

Robert B. Elton,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION ST.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationery, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

CAPS & Stocks of every variety in any quantity for sale at very reduced prices at the Cap & Stock factory of

L. MORANGE & DAVIS,
June 11, 1832. 105 William street.

Vauxhall Garden.

THIS delightful Garden is now open for the season and brilliantly lighted every fair evening. A first rate band of music will perform from 7 to half past 10. Admittance to non-subscribers one shilling. N. B. The subscription book is now open at the garden. Family season tickets $5. The subscriber would respectfully state, that he has engaged for the season a superior Band, conducted by Mr. Friedheim, late leader of the Eighth Legion National Guards, Paris, who trusts by his exertions this summer to establish in this city the character he enjoyed as a Musician in Paris. Selections of Sacred Music from the most celebrated composers, every Sunday evening in the Saloon. J. HUNT.

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting, or Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway, 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

MUSIC AT PEALE'S.

THE numerous visitors to this Museum, during the four nights of the performance of Mr. KENDALL, the celebrated Harpist, having expressed themselves so highly delighted with his astonishing execution on his sweet-toned instrument, has induced the proprietor to engage him the *first four nights of each week* until further notice.

Mr. K. is accompanied by his brother on a newly invented French Flageolet.

The Living ANACONDA, or BOA CONSTRICTOR, the great strangling Serpent of India, is in fine health and perfectly docile; he is fed with a living rabbit every Monday evening, which he destroys in his folds and then swallows whole.

Living CAMELEON, whose power of changing his color is truly astonishing.

The COSMORAMA is set with several splendid Views, and forms a great attraction.

The EGYPTIAN MUMMY, or embalmed human being, at least 3,000 years old, is one of the greatest curiosities in this extensive and valuable repository of nature and art.

Admittance as usual 25 cents—children 12 1-2.

HAIR Cloth.—2 Cases of a superior quality just received and for sale at the cap factory of L. MORANGE & DAVIS
105 William street.

S. J. Sylvester, 130 Broadway.

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞ Orders must be addressed in all cases to
S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md.,

☞ Orders to insure attention must only be addressed to any of my offices.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the ticket, will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

HINTON'S

Military and Sportsmens'

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints, powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silk-worm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of CASSAT & HUTCHISON, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No. 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair	Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do	do second quality do do
5000 do	do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
5000 do	do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do	do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do	Gentlemen's calf do do
3000 do	Boys' thick do do
1000 do	do fine sewed do
3000 do	Women's prime Lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do	do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
4000 do	do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do	do Lasting do do
500 do	do half heeled Roans.
1000 do	Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers
2000 do	do Buckskin do do
3000 do	do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do	Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do	Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

NEW BOOK STORE,

No. 16, Exchange Buildings,
ST. CLAIR-STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. J. SYLVESTER, has lately received ONE HUNDRED CASES OF BOOKS comprising a complete assortment in every department of Literature, which he will sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any *other house* in the western country. Dealers can save considerable, by making their purchases this side of the mountains, in carriage, and receive their books in ter order.

300	Family Bibles,
200	Octavo do.
500	School do.
000	Testaments,
500	Daboll's Arithmetics
1000	Walker's Dictionary, school edition,
500	Ovid's Art of Love
1000	Life of Benjamin Franklin,
200	Cowper's Poems, 3 vols.
200	Milton's Works, 2 vols.
200	do. Paradise Lost
200	do do. Regained.
1000	Dream books,
1000	Letter Writers,
500	Elizabeth or Exile of Siberia,
300	Pamela or Virtue Rewarded,
106	Dick's Christian Philosopher,
100	do. Philosophy of Religion,
100	do. Future State,
200	McKenzie's 5000 Receipts,
200	Buck's Theological Dictionary.

A L S O,

Lord Byron's works in two vols.
do. Library edition, elegantly bound,
Sterne's works, do. do
Cowper's and Thompsons, do do
Young's, Milton's, Gray's, Beattie's and Collin's works, elegantly bound;
Rogers's, Campbell's, Lamb's, Montgomery's
Kirk's, White's do do
Heman's, Hebert's, and Pollock's do
Goldsmith's do. elegantly bound,
Scott's poetical do do.
Moore's do do do
Pope's do do do
Tatler's and Guardean's do do
Paley's works, do do
Spectator, do do
Arabian Nights do do
Hunter's Sacred Biography, do do.
Newton on the Prophecies.

☞ A complete assortment of Theological, Law, Medical, School, Blank and Miscellaneous books.—*ALSO*, Playing Cards, Quills, Eastern Writing Paper in Large or small quantities.

Pittsburgh, April 2nd 1832.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION of the Conflagration of Moscow, Automaton Chess-Player, &c. at the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents.—Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, and the door in the evening.

Living Portraits.

AN exhibition of a novel nature, the exhibition of portraits from the Life, will open on Monday next in the Room formerly the Atheneum, corner of Pine street and Broadway.

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and *Commissioner* (resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the Courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used or recorded* in either of said states.—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts, in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors East of Broadway.

Savannah Jockey Club,

COLT'S SWEEPSTAKE.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colts two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.
RICHARD D. ARNOLD, Sec'y.

Watering Place.

No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise,—part from certain pernicious practices which are too common to houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

Harmonia Celestis.

CONCERTS on the above Instrument will be given every evening, at Concert Hall 406 Broadway. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets of admittance 50 cents, to be had at the Hall. Particulars in Bills.

S. D. CHILDS,

Engraver on Wood, No. 67 Liberty-street,
NEW-YORK.

Physicians' Livery Stable.

A. COX, Jr. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a Livery Stable corner of Broadway and Catharine Lane, (entrance in Catharine-Lane) where physicians and others can have their horses kept in the best order. A man will be in attendance at all hours, to wait on gentlemen at their dwellings. Inquire at the Stable, or at the proprietor's Steam Scouring Establishment, 60 Cedar street, one door east of Broadway. je 9

MERCHANTS and others, wishing to employ clerks, or assistance of any description, with good reference, can be supplied at the Foreign and American Agency Office, No. 5 Division street, near Chatham square.

As no other will be furnished from this office, clerks and all others wishing to obtain employment in any branch of business, by giving satisfactory references, can find good and permanent situations by applying at the above office.

Boarding houses supplied with genteel boarders.

PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated Collection of Paintings, for fifteen years known in Paris as the *De Sairevrils Collection*, is now publicly exhibited at the new Gallery, No. 271 Broadway, (entrance in Chambers street.)

It will present to the admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs, master-pieces of the first order from among the four schools,—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French, by Raphael, Titiano, Paul Veronese, Caracci, Guercino, Francesco, Bola, Fra Bartolomeo, Carlo Dolce, Diego Velasquez, Murillo, Ruben's and Daniel Segheri, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Sneyders, de Koningh, Peeters, Claude Lorrain, Van Dyck, Lessiaur, &c. with a supplement of several fine Paintings, by or after Guido, Caravaggio, Pomarancio, Casali, lately brought from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. D. D——

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price—Quarterly Tickets $1.

Catalogues, explicative and historical, 36 pp in 18mo, 12 1-2 cts.

The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

THE TWO HARES, by Paulus Potter.—This celebrated and wonderful picture is publicly exhibited in the back room of the Sairevrils's Gallery, Chamber street.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price—quarterly tickets $1.

Description delivered gratis. The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

N. Y. Standard News Room,

THE NEWS ROOM attached to the New-York Standard is now open at the Publishing Office of the Paper, No. 40 Wall Street, directly opposite the Merchants Exchange.

The Room is airy and spacious, and will be furnished with the Daily Papers of this city, with papers from every State and Territory in the Union, together with London, Liverpool, Paris, Havre, South American, and West India Newspapers and Prices Current.

Several of the most popular Periodicals of this country, and Europe, will be regularly laid upon the table.

TERMS.

Yearly Advertisers to the N. Y. Standard Free
Daily Subscribers to the do. $4 per ann.
Non-Subscribers to the do. $5 per ann.

Subscribers will have the privilege of introducing to the Room their friends, non-residents of the city. Payment will be expected semi annually, *in advance.*

Masters of vessels and Officers of the army and navy, are invited to a free use of the Room.

The Room will be opened (daily) from 9 o'clock A. M. to 9 o'clock, P. M.

In submitting the above terms to the Public, we take occasion to state that a Subscription Book is now at the office, No. 40 Wall street; and that our best efforts shall be used to render the establishment worthy of Patronage. The Reading Room is completely fitted up, and is on a more extensive scale than any thing of the Union.

A careful person will have it in charge, under such regulations as may be thought most conducive to the interest of the subscribers, and the information of strangers. Gentlemen of the Army and Navy, will find more full files of the city and distant journals, than can elsewhere be met with; and masters of vessels will have an opportunity of consulting our Daily Bulletins, as well as the papers published at the several ports to which they belong.

The nature of the political contest in which we have been engaged and the necessity under which we have labored of publishing speeches on the great topics of the day, and voluminous public documents, both of which the past year has been singularly prolific, have combined to prevent that attention to our Commercial department, to which our education, our disposition, and our location, seemed more specially to prompt. Encouraged as we have recently been, we shall be better able hereafter to devote time and means to the great object we have in view—the permanent establishment of a Journal, not to be surpassed in any department, by any of our cotemporaries. To every incentive to accomplish our purpose, we hope to add a full share of zeal and industry in our vocation, trusting to time and our efforts, for success, and pledging ourselves to be as fearless, frank and independent on all topics as we have hitherto been.

To Emigrants.

FOREIGN and American Agency Office. The above office is open at No. 5 Division street, (near Chatham-square,) for the purpose of affording to Foreigners, arriving and resident in the United States, a Daily Register of the names and occupations of all the Passengers arriving from all foreign ports, thereby enabling them to find their relatives and friends, immediately after their arrival; also, will attend to the agency of receiving and forwarding, to or from all foreign port goods, packages, money, &c.; also, will give to those who wish to emigrate to the Western Country or Upper Canada, a correct statement of the miles to different places, quality of soil, price of Improved or Uncultivated Lands, the cheapest and best way of Emigration.

Persons wishing to send for their friends to any foreign port, will be attended to with despatch.

⁂ Letters from any part of the Union (post paid) promptly answered, and their purport attended to on accommodating terms.

O. P. TEAL, Agent.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own ... the thread that ties them."

From the Southern Banner.

MOORISH FATALITIES.

FROM A BLUE BOOK.

Oh ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away!

I never knelt in prayer to tell,
My tale of love to beauty's bloom,
But when I rose to bid farewell,
My deity had left the room!

I never went to fish for trout,
Intent upon a precious bite;
But when I came to pull him out,
Some scraggy crawfish met my sight!

I never went to hunt for game,
And took a rest on tree or log;
But what I thought the surest aim,
Was sure to miss and kill my dog!

My old fine comb I never took,
To stir the ideas in my head,
But when with care I came to look,
The biggest, fattest idea fled!

My dreams of pleasure one by one,
The fondest, fairest, most caressed,
Like leaves before the blast have flown,
And left me in the blues
HALF-DRESSED!

It is quite true that Miss F. Kemble is about to be married, and into a titled family. The fortune at present possessed by her intended is by no means ample, but it will be considerable on the death of his father. "Nobody will come to the play," is still the exclamation among persons interested in the large houses. Let the Managers do their best to secure good plays and good players, and we will ensure them good audiences.—How was Sheridan Knowles bandied about from one theatre to the other before he could get his play represented! It is a fact, although it will hardly be credited, that Capt. Polhill, and [illegible] who advised him, rejected "The Hunchback," in favor of that imbecile opera, "The Alchymist," which was condemned on the first night. Knowles was told that "The Hunchback" could not be brought out, as "The Alchymist" was much more promising, and that he must wait his turn.—*London Observer.*

"THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON," a new novel in two volumes, which has just been republished by the Harpers, is spoken of in the English papers as a production of more than ordinary merit. The extracts we have seen from it are calculated to make a strong impression in its favor. This novel is said to be the production of Trelawney, one of Lord Byron's friends, who married the daughter of the Ulysses, a modern Greek hero, who figured during the revolution. Trelawney, some of our readers will not have forgotten, posted himself in a cave in the mountain, which was only accessible from one point, and that by means of a single ladder. In this cave Trelawney fortified himself, and with a small band of followers was enabled to treat all assaults of his enemies with defiance until the end of the war. Such a man could surely write a romantic book.—*Phil. Album.*

INDIAN FLEETNESS.—As a proof the rapidity with which the Indians traverse the country, it is stated that a runner from Black Hawk and his allies, bearing to the Missouri Indians news of the defeat of the Militia, arrived at the Des Moines Rapids twenty-four hours before the express sent by Governor Reynolds.

FASHIONS.—The origin of many fashions was in the endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Patches were introduced by the English in the reign of Edward VI, by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by one Duvillar, a French barber, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII of France introduced long coats to hide his ill made legs. Shoes with points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I, was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he had received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Circumstances as silly as the following have given the origin of fashions. Isabella, daughter of Philip II, and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed tinge of her linen gave rise to a fashionable color, called L'Isabeau, a kind of dingy yellowish-white.—Paris Spectator.

A ROGUE IN GRAIN.—A person wished to purchase a number of yards of bed ticking, he called at a store, the merchant had but one piece, and it lacked just one yard of the quantity wanted, the purchaser must have such a number of yards, and was about leaving the store, when the merchant said he carried a piece to his house the day previous that contained just about the quantity wanted, the piece they were looking at would answer his purpose, and he would carry it to the house, and bring back the other.

"I started," said he, (we had the story from the merchant's own mouth) "ran into the back yard, unrolled the piece, put it round a [illegible] post and gave it a most a d——l pulling, rolled it up and returned with it, measured it off to my customer, when it held out "a quarter of a yard over what he wanted," which, in consideration of waiting "for me to go to my house," I very generously gave him!"—Spectator.

A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following ludicrous manner:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except a brother, who was killed at the same time."

CAUTION.—Merchants and shop-keepers are particularly cautioned not to draw the hoops or remove the broken hoops from their empty packing cases, when they throw them out on the side-walks, opposite their stores, as it materially affects the retail trade.
Transcript.

While a dervise was preaching at Bagdad, one of his hearers seemed vastly affected.—Proud of his power, the preacher asked how his discourse had touched him so much.—"Oh! sir," replied the other, "it was not that, but your beard put me so much in mind of [illegible] I had lost, that I could not [illegible]."

DEATH UPON A PALE ASS.

John Sullivan, a laborer at a druggist's warehouse in the borough, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having galloped furiously through the streets on a donkey.

The defendant is in the habit of working in what is called the Scotch, or more properly the brimstone loft; and, as his hands are generally full of business, he has seldom time to wash either them or his face, so that he often looks as if he had just arrived from that place where the best authority says the article he works abounds in the greatest perfection. The donkey, being accustomed to the same sort of element, matched his master in odor and complexion; and the speed with which they made their way amongst the mass of carriages and carts added to the superstitious fears of the crowds that stared as they passed along. The awful impression was rather increased than diminished when, upon being asked where he was galloping to, the rider said, "to the devil, to be sure."

The rapidity of their progress was at last impeded by a cart with a load of hay, which the donkey stopped to nibble, when they were *both* taken into custody; and on their being brought up, a watchman described the extraordinary appearance and reckless progress of the worthy pair, and the following examination ensued:

Lord Mayor—Was the man drunk?

Watchman—About half and half, please you, my lord; but they knowed what they was about well, both on 'em, for the donkey was leaky, and he went up against the very hay he was a feeding on, like a nasty, ungrateful beast as he was. [A laugh.]

The defendant declared that his donkey was the most harmless animal that ever lived, and that the speed at which they went could not have exceeded a pony's trot; besides, the poor little fellow made no disturbance in the streets, as he always went barefooted.

Watchman—Aye, there it is, please you, my lord. The neddy goes on without making no noise in the world, so that he steals upon you, and goes over you afore you knows where you are, till you feels his gaff in your bowels. It is a dangerous thing for to let such hanimals go at large on the king's highway, without punishment by Act of parliament. [Laughter.]

Lord Mayor—Well, and how did you dispose of them at last?

Watchman—Why, your lordship, we takes the defendant to the watchus, and so the neddy he follows us, and afore we locked up his maunster, we gives him a lick with our staves to send him home but he never minded it but in he puts his head inside the door, and he lets a gallows screech out of him, what struck the whole consarn, and some of that ere mob as was passing by says, "Oh it's nothing but these here watchmen as is quarrelling." [Laughter.]

Lord Mayor—I think that you might have let the defendant go home with his donkey.

Watchman—And so we did, your lordship—but you shall hear. The constable says to me, Bill, says he, put the both on 'em together; and so I lets in the neddy to his maunster in the black hole. Well, after a little while, just as I was going for to have a stretch afore the fire, the donkey lets another yell out of him; and I'm sure his maunster was the instigation of that ere, for I hard 'em conwarsing. [Laughter.] So the constable says to me, Bill, says he, open the crib and let 'em brush, for there is no sich a thing as a tolerating of this ere. And so, please you, my lord, I opens the door, and out they walks, both on 'em.

Lord Mayor—Defendant, you must in future make arrangements with your donkey to pass through the streets without disturbing the peace by mimicking people, and endeavor to look more like an inhabitant of this world.

The defendant, who appeared, according to the language of scripture, like "the abomination of desolation standing up in the high places," promised that he and his donkey, *both on 'em*, would in future imitate humanity less abominably, and go along like other two-footed and four-footed brutes.—*English paper.*

YANKEE STORY.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A distant connexion of the *Diddler* family, who happened to have no half dollar, nor nothing in the *calander* pocket of his well *arilled* pants, but who had determined to get a peep at "Aladdin," planted himself last night in a recess leading to the celestial regions of the Tremont Theatre, and hung out a door-keeper's sign. An enterprising voyager on an exploring expedition was his first customer.—"I'll take your ticket, if you please," says Scapegrace. "Oh, I beg your pardon," replied the stranger with much courtesy, "I came very near going in without giving it to you, didn't I?"—"Perfectly excusable, sir—these things often happen—we don't like to remind gentlemen of their forgetfulness, but then you know, sir, we have our orders, and must be particular—show no favor, and all that sort of thing—Walk up—walk up, if you please." The stranger walked up, and Scapegrace walked down. Our traveller soon discovered that he had given the sop to a counterfeit Cerberus. The legitimate guardian of the "azure realms" could not admit the stranger, but he could assist him in detecting the impostor. A message was sent to the box office, requesting that all the third row ticket sold during the remainder of the evening should bear a secret mark. In the course of fifteen minutes after, Scapegrace, who had waited until he thought all was right again, presented himself at the door with the stranger's passport. It wouldn't do. He was in for it. A constable was in special attendance, who toted him off to jail, where he was permitted to enjoy the repose of a disturbed conscience, and dreams of Halls of Industry, bolts, bars, prisons, parti-colored garments, and a shaven head. This morning, however, he expressed much penitence, committed another larceny on the good feeling and sympathies of his accusers, and was set at liberty after a severe reprimand.
Boston Transcript.

A few days since an infuriated mob attacked the cholera hospital of St. George's in the East, London, and threatened to pull down the house and murder the surgeons, exclaiming that they were "Burking" the poor wretches who were admitted. At the risk of his life, one of the gentlemen in attendance rushed out and seized the ring-leader, dragged him within the house, and succeeded in fastening the door. "Now," said he, "wretch, you go not till you have asked every patient in the house how he has been treated, and have heard his answer. You shall see the agonies of the sufferers, and the efforts made for their relief." The man received from all grateful acknowledgments of the humanity exercised towards them, and being thoroughly humiliated, said, "Sir, I am ashamed of myself; let me go out and explain to the mob." He did so, and they presently dispersed.—*Brighton Gazette.*

DESTRUCTION OF YOUNG GAME.—It is with regret we learn (by letter) that, during the cold and stormy weather we experienced here on the 24th of last month, a heavy fall of snow, about nine inches deep, occurred at that period through the Pokono range in this state, and extending through the Catskill Mountains in New-York. The young pheasants (or partridges) are hatched during the month of April, (the same being the case with grouse,) the whole of which perished, from the great degree of cold produced by such a body of snow, and by the destruction and absence of all insects, on which they usually feed during this season of the year. A great mortality has also taken place, at the same time, amongst the swallows and small singing birds, through the same district of country, and from the same causes.—*Nat. Gazette.*

HORSE.—An oblong frame, set upon four legs, strongly hooped about the middle, accommodated with a head, and, for the most part, ornamented with a tail. Over this frame is drawn a skin which serves as a sort of drum, usually beaten by a musician with one stick, who at the same time accompanies the instrument with his voice. Frames of this description were originally used for the reception of hay and oats; but that use is now exploded. They have mostly the power of locomotion, in some degree; and, it is said, were originally endued with feeling. Frames of this sort, fastened side by side, may be seen, at almost any time of the day in Broadway and sundry other streets, prefixed to some four wheeled vehicle, either a stage or a hackney coach;—and to these specimens we would particularly refer the reader for an illustration.—*Constellation.*

From Bell's Life in London.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING

AGAINST TIME.

The match made some time back for a bay galloway, not 14 hands high, nine years old, the property of a gentleman well known in the sporting circles, to trot 17 miles within the hour, came off on Friday, on the Brighton road. The odds laid against this extraordinary undertaking by the original agreement was 125*l* to 100*l*., but such was the confidence created by the favorable training of the Galloway, that in the early part of the week, the betting was even against time. The house of Mr. Pearse, at Smitham Bottom, a few miles beyond Croydon, where the galloway had trained, was head-quarters, and here, on Friday morning, at an early hour, a vast number of amateurs in horseflesh had assembled. The ground chosen for the performance was from the 17th mile-stone on the Merstham-road to the ten-mile stone at Croydon, back again, and to finish at the 14 mile-stone, thus completing the seventeen miles. The start did not take place till considerably after one o'clock, at which hour the little PHENOMENON as it may be truly called, was mounted by Macdonald, the jockey, whose weight was exactly nine stone. Mac was attired in a scarlet jacket and cap, and paraded his TIT in front of the house, when its appearance created some doubts in the minds of the spectators—for although "blood-like" in form, both before and behind, he showed symptoms of having done hard work. All four legs were in fact in a very SHAKY condition. Notwithstanding these unfavorable symptoms, 5 and 6 to 4 were now freely offered against time. The spectators having been gratified by this display, now rode off to the appointed starting place. Under the direction of the umpires and referee, who were provided with stop watches, the word "Go," was given, and the task commenced. For the first six miles the pace was not very speedy, for those who were fully acquainted with the bottom of the galloway, deemed it prudent to husband its strength for the finish. Throughout Mac rode with admirable judgment. There was but one break and turn, in the 12th mile, and the style of trotting was beautiful. As the ground was got over, the pace was increased to a speed unprecedented in so small an animal, and in the end of the distance was completed without the shadow of a dispute in 28s. under the hour—a feat not equalled in the history of English trotting by so small an animal. The slow pace at starting rather alarmed the friends of the galloway, but at the 12th mile the odds were five to one in his favor, with no takers; and at last ten to one went begging. The galloway was in no respect distressed, and did his work with apparent ease. The road was in an excellent condition, and the sport was concluded without a wrangle or disagreement, and in a manner which gave general satisfaction. A large party afterwards mustered at Pearse's to dine, and the usual good cheer promoted the harmony of the evening.

The stakes, which were held by Mr. Theobald, are to be given up at Mr. Pledger's, at Moorgate, to-morrow (Monday) evening, after a sporting dinner.

It may be satisfactory to state that the name of the galloway is "Driver," and that he took eleven minutes and a half to do the first three miles, and 24 minutes to accomplish the seven miles; he then was laid well down to his work and had 21 1-2 m. to do the last six miles, which he did in the most gallant manner.

TOM THUMB—the American, it will be recollected, did sixteen miles and a half, in harness, three minutes within the hour, on the Cambridge road, and no doubt would, on that day, have easily accomplished the seventeen miles; but making allowance for the size, the performance of the galloway on Friday was quite as remarkable.

RATLER AND THE DARK HORSE.—This match, to trot five miles, made between Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Payne, it is said, must come off according to the terms of the agreement, notwithstanding some objection on the part of Mr. Osbaldeston. The Dark horse is in training at Smitham Bottom. If there is not a forfeit, we understand it will be decided during the present month.

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE.—Mr. Ch's. Williams, butcher and grazier, of Tenbury, Worcestershire, on Monday last, rode a small light horse, about 14 1-2 hands high, from Market Harborough to Tenbury, a distance of 93 miles; he did not leave the former place until two o'clock, and arrived at the latter a half past eleven. He is open to ride against Mr. Osbaldeston, or any other man in England, from Tenbury to London (134 miles,) on the same horse, for from 500*l* to 1,000*l*, and he will take 3 to 1 that he does it in fifteen hours. Ib.

A Steeple Chace, which had been projected during the past week, and had excited a great deal of interest among the officers and their friends, was decided on Saturday afternoon. The parties were Lord Ranelagh and Capt. Parker, both officers in the life guards, to ride their own horses. They started from Down Place, on the Maidenhead road, the winning place to be the gate of the Earl of Litchfield, Hatchet-lane, Winkfield. The country was well calculated to test the mettle of the horses and the courage of their riders, as it is intersected by some stiff fences, and presents many awkward leaps. The race was so well contested that the horses were almost neck and neck in the last field but one from the winning place, and the odds in favor of Lord Ranelagh, when, unfortunately for his Lordship, as he was clearing a hedge (at the other side of which was a wide ditch, of which his Lordship was not aware,) the horse leaped short, and fell with his rider.—The Captain soon passed his Lordship, who, although he immediately mounted again, was unable to regain his lost ground, and Capt. Parker was therefore declared the winner.—The distance was performed in thirteen minutes and a half.—BUCKS HERALD.

DANGEROUS STEEPLE CHASE.—The first steeple chase for the Tankard Stakes came off on Tuesday week. The ground selected was from Dr. Ogilvy's villa, near Brechin, to the Parks of Careston; and nowhere, we are convinced, can it be surpassed for severity; indeed, it was the opinion of one of our oldest sportsmen present that it was quite impracticable, he declared that he did not believe any horse in Scotland could get through it. The fences were mostly of stone, with a few hedges, but all of the most rasping description. They were, however, gallantly cleared, and the whole distance, four miles, notwithstanding great part of the land was ploughed, was run in twenty minutes. The day was favorable, and a large body of spectators were present and highly delighted with the sport. Four horses started: General Hunter's, rode by Captain Graham Hunter; Mr. Fitzmaurice Scott's, by Capt. Archibald Douglas; Mr. Duncan's, by Mr. O'Connor; and Mr. Chalmers's, by Mr. Laird.—They started at a rattling pace, keeping well together. O'Connor, however, having the lead till within three fields length of home, when, on going through a hedge, the stirrup was torn from the saddle, and he thrown. Douglas then came up; but, at the last leap, the horse blundered, and both horse and man came tumbling heels over head into the winning field. Hunter now brushed up, took the leap in fine style, and came first in; unfortunately, however, on being weighed, he was found slightly deficient, and the umpire found himself obliged to award the sweepstakes to Fitzmaurice Scott's horse, which, after all, came in second. Capt. Douglas, we are sorry to say, had several of his ribs broken by his fall. None of the others were seriously hurt.—*Montrose (Scotland) Review.*

THE CELEBRATED HORSE ECLIPSE.—Previous to his running for the King's Plate at Winchester, in 1769, Mr. O'Kelly gave Wildman 650 guineas for half a share of him, and afterwards purchased the other half for 1100 guineas. He was the winner of eleven King's Plates, carrying 12 stone weight in all except one. The fame of Eclipse as a stallion was so great that O'Kelly, when asked in 1779 what sum he would take for him, is reported to have replied that the price of his stallion was £25,000 down, an annuity of £500 for his own life, and the privilege of sending six mares to the horse annually. He also stated that he had realized £25,000 by him.—Eclipse died at Cannons, on the 28th of February, 1789, aged twenty-five years; and, according to the precedent of the Godolphin Arabian, cakes and ale were given at his funeral.—*New Sporting Magazine.*

THE OLD RED FOX

STILL TRIUMPHANT.

King William Co., Va. April 29, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:

As I mentioned to you in my last letter, my intention of only hunting once more the past season, and that to be after the old red fox that had several times before eluded me and my dogs; I, accordingly, made an appointment to meet sundry of my friends and brother sportsmen with their respective dogs, at a tavern called Brandywine, in this county, near the grounds upon which the old veteran is generally found, on the 16th day of March, and about the sunrise of that morning, the company all assembled, with their packs, which, added to mine, made the whole pack to consist of about eighteen couple, all in high spirits, and eager for the chase. From Brandywine, after a little regaling with some fine mint sling, we proceeded to cover, and had gone but a short distance, before a challenge was made by one of the dogs, to which the whole pack instantly responded and joined in the chorus, and we soon ascertained it to be a fine drag of the old red. Unluckily, however, after pursuing the drag from the slashes where it was struck, up into the piny lands, upon the hills adjacent, some confusion occurred among the hounds; and the fox was unkennelled at some distance from the main pack, by two of the young dogs, whose notes were unknown to me, and off they went, down into the slashes, and before I could with all my exertions, possibly break off from the drag, the balance of the pack, those two dogs had run nearly out of hearing, we pursued with all possible speed, and after a run of about two miles, came up with them at the main road and at fault. Anticipating the course old Reynard had gone, we made a cast with the dogs that way, and old Ringwood, belonging to a Mr. E. soon hit off the drag, which had, by this time, become quite cold and difficult to follow, the wind being in the east; an unfavorable point for the dogs to smell well. From thence, we traced the old fellow through Mr. Bassett's estate, down into the low lands, across Pampatike creek over into Goodwin's island; thence through the sunken grounds contiguous to the island, a meandering course, displaying in his excursions, a great deal of cunning and generalship, down into the marshy lands of Mr. Thomas Carter, and at length, at the extreme end of the marsh, he was again unkennelled—hounds all well together. Now, Mr. Editor, there was a general enthusiastic burst from the company of that indescribable joy and pleasure, that huntsmen (true lovers of sport,) at such a moment feel, which was manifested by exclamations, of now he's up, halloo!—Only hear at old Ringwood. Now, exclaimed another, listen at Truxton, how he rushes thro' the mud and water; well done Rock, he is doing his part faithfully; hurrah for Crowner and Blunder, they are pushing for the front, &c. And away they went up through the sunken grounds and back the course old Reynard had conducted them from, through Goodwin's island field, in which a view of him was obtained by some of the huntsmen, who remarked that he went like the wind—from thence he led the pack across the creek, through Bassett's and Tomlin's large estates, continuing to course the neighboring fields and woods, over hill and dale, through brake and briar, for about two hours, when by running the road, a fault was caused and the fox obtained a considerable advantage—thus ended the first heat of hard running. Upon casting the dogs, after a lapse of some minutes, the scent was again hit off, and we were kept at taw for a considerable time; but, finally, unkennelled him again out in the forests some distance from the lower lands, and all hearts were again cheered by the cheering halloo—and now he's off again—hurrah my brave fellows! and away they went running breast high, for nearly two hours, when from the fox running in among a large gang of hogs, another fault was caused, and he again of course, obtained considerable advantage, and thus terminated the second heat of hard running—dogs behaving very well. The dogs were now cast around so as to get clear of the hogs, and at some distance from where the loss was made, they hit off the drag, and after following over lying down trees innumerable, and through thickets of bamboo briars, the old fellow was again unkennelled, immediately after which, a view was obtained of him by some of the huntsmen as he crossed the field, and contrary to the general expectation, he seemed to run quite strong and boldly, as if bidding defiance. He now took a new course of several miles distance, running for Manskin neck, upon the river which he gained, and being hard pressed at about one and a half hours by sun in the evening, he resorted to his old trick of swimming the river, by which he obtained a great advantage of the dogs, but the brave fellows took the water very readily, and over they went like Trojans. It being impossible to cross the river with a horse, a small canoe was obtained at a small distance below, and two of the company went over to the Hanover county side, and pursued on foot where the dogs continued to push the old veteran until just at dusk; some of the company who remained on the hill, near the river on the King William side, discovered the fox running with all his might up the river bank, not more than two hundred yards ahead of the hounds, and after running about a mile up the river, he was compelled to take earth, and thus ended the third and last heat of as hard running as ever was witnessed in this or any other country.

An examination of the den was made, and the conclusion was that from the nature of the earth, (being very hard) and the difficulty of its situation, he could not be dug out during the night; and the company being nearly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, the conclusion was finally made to let the veteran remain until the next season, by which time, my young dogs Flash, Trooper, Trouncer, Crowner, Victor and Sting, the progeny of old Venus and by the Frolic cross, will have attained the age of two and a half years, and an addition to Blunder, Truxton, Tippler, Helen, &c. I think, Mr. Editor, I shall be able not only to catch this old red fox, but any other on the face of the earth.

Your most obedient servant,
RO. POLLARD.

CARP FISHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—As you have deemed my letters on Trout Fishing, &c., of sufficient importance to occupy a place in the columns of your paper, perhaps a word or two upon Carp fishing may meet with the same politeness on your part; and I trust will not prove unacceptable to your fishing readers. As my old friend, "the Salmon Fisher," stated a few days back, "I write from actual experience," and not by poaching anything written either by that Prince of Fishers, old Isaac Walton, or any work ever published of this interesting art.—Carp Fishing, I think may very properly be called "patience" fishing, for they are extremely shy, and not easily taken by a bungler. The rod for this kind of fishing should be about the length of the trout rod, though of a stronger make; the line the same in proportion, with a hank of single gut about three yards in length. As the "Lea-bridge Angler" justly observed the other day, "little would be thought of that sportsman who could not land a fish with a single gut." I should recommend a float for this sort of fishing, though, be it remembered, it must be very small; for the fall of a large float on the water is sure to alarm the fish. The baits I should recommend for carp fishing are well scoured red worms or gentles, though I prefer the former. There are various other baits with which you may take carp, and amongst them a paste made of flour, honey or sugar, and a little cotton well mixed with it, to make it adhere together. You may use two hooks—one on the bottom, and the other about midwater, though you must be very careful to conceal them. Carp ponds generally, if well stored with fish, are very much clouded, especially if it be in standing water; so that the usual precaution is not necessary of keeping out of sight; but, as they are so very shy, I would advise my brother sportsmen to disturb the water as little as possible, and instead of casting the line out at length, to first try near the bank of the pool, dropping the bait gently on the water, and sinking it gradually. When the float has reached the water, it will soon begin to try, not your ingenuity, but patience; and perhaps, after waiting until your whole stock is almost exhausted, you at length see your float gently move off, and leave the surface, for the carp moves generally very steadily. Then, Sir, begins the true enjoyment of carp fishing; the anticipation as to whether the fish be large or small entirely makes up for the loss of time and patience. Indeed, I fancy there would not be half the pleasure in any sort of fishing if you were certain of what quantity of fish you were going to take before you commence; 'tis the uncertainty as to the number, or whether they will be large or small, that makes it so attractive to the sportsman; but this is digressing from the subject. When you see your float moving off, let him carry it away for a few seconds, then strike him gently, and keep a pretty tight line upon him. If it should prove to be a heavy fish, he'll very likely oblige you to give him a little more line, and it will be some time before you will be able to land him. After it is apparently exhausted, you must be very cautious how you deal with him, and by no means take the line in your hand, for I have known it, when in this state, lying on its side as if it were lifeless, and have fancied the prize mine, start up again with as much vigor as when first hooked, though his circles are smaller, and after a few turns, the prize soon becomes easily yours. As I before observed, I hope these few remarks will not prove unacceptable to many of your readers; and, as I stated in my first letter on trout fishing, they are intended principally for young sportsmen. My old friend, the "Salmon Fisher," has much flattered me in stating that my letters were really good ones, and, as he states he must leave off salmon fishing because it is too fatiguing for his declining years, and must take to trout fishing, and that he hopes to see more of my letters on the same subject—I beg in reply to state, that as the old un is now getting into his second childhood, I hope that from whatever I state, or whatever I may advise, that he'll not catch small fry, and fancy they are trout.

Yours, A SPORTSMAN.

R. N. WHITE,
Engraver on Wood,
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

Dr. I. Francis,
SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York.

REMOVAL.
JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 291 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.
DR. S BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

Friendship Tavern,
BY Mrs. Williams, 121-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

Robert N. White,
POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

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G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol. 10) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter.

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list *of nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.

The flattering and general testimonials of writers, scholars, and cotemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, warrant us in the assertion that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalents for the amount of subscription, or which possess more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

Its steady and marked improvement, furnishes a satisfactory pledge that its progress, in every department, will continue to keep pace with the increase of its already extensive circulation. We have received the certain and gratifying evidences that it is read and approved by the most intelligent classes throughout the U. States.

ENGRAVINGS.—The Embellishments for the Tenth Volume will be of the most *costly* and *beautiful* kind, consisting of full sized Super-Royal Quarto Plates, executed expressly for the work, by the best Artists. Besides the *Vignette*, there will be four superb Engravings issued during the year, which, if published separately, would alone equal the amount of subscription to the Mirror. As a guarantee for the excellence of this department, it has been placed under the direction of Mr. R. W. Weir.

In addition to the above, there will be published a number of finely executed *Engravings on Wood*, also drawn and engraved for the work, and illustrative of curious and interesting subjects.

MUSIC.—Each number of the ensuing Volume will contain a popular piece of *Music*, arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. At the expiration of the year, these form a valuable collection of *the most choice and rare pieces*, which, although occupying little more than one-sixteenth part of the work, could not be purchased in any other way, except at a cost far greater than that of the entire journal.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting. Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Literati, the Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic. American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French, and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

By the above enumeration, it will be perceived that the plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*, and no expense will be spared to render it equal to any other publication extant.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving*, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages, for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title-page*, (painted by WEIR and engraved by DURAND,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable, in all cases, *in advance*. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of N. York. Communications, *post paid*, must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.

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Haverstraw, June 4, 1832.

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BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
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NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1832

TREMENDOUS SNOW-STORM.

The facetious editor of the Camden Journal, has been treating his readers to an article under this caption, which has excited the risibles of the Fraternity not a little. He accounts by mere *analogy* for not receiving for several days his exchange papers from the North, in the following queer paragraph:

"Such a snow storm as *must* have happened last week, somewhere between here and Washington city, has rarely ever occurred before, we believe in mid May, in 36 degrees north latitude; nor do we pretend to make solemn affidavit of the fact, that it *has* happened, for we have conscientious scruples against either swearing or tampering with a Quaker's affirmation; but we expect to make it quite clear by a reasoning process, by some called 'analogy,' that there was about the 20th of May, a tremendous snow storm in Virginia, directly in the great mail route. Some of the drifts were seven feet deep, and the whole road was so "choked up" with the "mixial" element as to make it necessary for the mail carriers to throw overboard a great part of the newspapers in order to get on with the remainder. It is on the whole a most melancholy catastrophe—a horrible "snow storm" such as we hope may not happen again before August. It may be as well to repeat, and we do it for the benefit of the almanacs, that we only come to the fact that such a storm has actually happened, by mere *analogy*. They used to tell us last winter when we were frequently without a mail for eight or ten days, that it was in consequence of snow-storms."

We have, ourselves, had good reasons for imagining that a great fall of snow, a freshet, or something of the kind had happened, for it is not unfrequently that the same mail will bring us dates of two different weeks, which is vastly agreeable, inasmuch as we are obliged to wade through news, &c. we had long since read, and perhaps copied from other more fortunate cotemporaries. Indeed we are constrained to remark sometimes that "our sufferings *is* intolerable."

Our very good friends of the Zanesville (Ohio) Gazette, annex the following to the article from the Journal, which they insert entire:

"We shall regret it, should this or any other cause prevent the early and regular arrival of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. The *spirited* editor of that useful and humorous print, we hope will look to this—and protect us from the fits of melancholy which invariably creep over us, when we fail to receive the *Spirit* of the Times."

We most cordially sympathise with the able conductors of this interesting miscellany, and can assure them that we shall always be proud to send them the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," and should they ever make the city of Gotham a visit, we shall esteem ourselves happy in showing them "LIFE IN NEW-YORK."

SOMEWHAT OF SOME LOON,

Sometimes seen Somewhere by Somebody.

"*Some* rascal stole *some* double-barrelled guns from *some* body *some* where in New-York, *some* time last week, for *some* purpose unknown—to shoot *some* LOONS with as likely as not. There ought to be *some* kind of punishment devised by *some* body for preventing such atrocities."

Sometimes, we *somewhere* give credit to *somebody*, for *something* like the above, but as *somewhere* is not anywhere, and nobody *somebody*, *somebody* who we *sometimes* think is nobody, will "not no never" get *some* credit by his article, while we, *somewhat* tickled, may receive *some somewhere*, *sometime*, with *some* thanks and *some* considerable grins from *some* quarter, *somewhere*, from *somebody*.

Now we would give *some* lemonade or *some* punch to know who the "loon" is that indited the paragraph above. Shoot *some* loons, indeed! *Some* folks better look out *sometimes* how they *hook somebody's* guns, or *some* Constable not having the fear of *some* double-barrelled guns before his eyes, may put *somebody* in *some* place we wot of, where *some loons* have been tied e'en by the leg, without *somebody* to give them *some* beer or *sum'mut* else. Probably *some* queer genius, or *some loon* of an editor, thinking, like *some* people, that he could make *some* fun, about *something sometimes*, concluded that *something* of the kind, about *some* guns would *go off*, as well as *some* story, or *some* long yarn about *some* loon, or *somebody's* goose, *somewhere* in this city, tho' *somewhere* else might *somehow* have been better. We have *some* loons here, it is true, *sometimes* but then, *some* have been seen by *somebody* in *some* fair days, *somewhere* in the vicinity of *some* cities *somewhere* about *some* place at the South. *Somehow some* people have *some* peculiar way of saying *some* things *sometimes*, when it is not unfrequently the case that *some* loons or *somebody* else laughs, though *somebody* thinks always they have heard *some* story or *some* joke *sometimes* better told, though *sometime* ago. We have made up our mind to ask *some* good fellows who *sometime* call at our office for *something*, if they have ever heard of what became of *some* guns that were stolen to shoot *some* loon or other, and on receiving *something* in answer, that can be depended upon, we intend ordering *some* mint juleps and *some* punch, and if we don't crack *some* good jokes, and sing *some* fine songs, then *somebody* will find out that *some* things can be done *sometimes*, and at *some* places, as well as others.

Friend Harvey, of the *Erie, Pa. Observer*, to whom with others, we were obliged a few weeks since to send merely the inside form of our paper, in consequence of an accession of patrons, "came the queer" over us in the prettiest style we ever had occasion to notice.—He printed the inside form of the "Erie Observer," on the blank outside form of the "Spirit of the Times," and forwarded the sheet to our address, with "Please Exchange," written on the margin of both. As Dr. Ollapod says, "Good! *we owe you one!*"

HUNTING AND FISHING.

Letter from our Correspondent in Missouri, dated
ST. LOUIS, March, 1832.

THE seasons have their peculiar and appropriate recommendations, even to boyhood. The bird nests of Spring—the fishing excursions of summer—the nutting holidays of harvest—and the ice and snow amusements of winter—present a continuous play, of four acts, in which boyhood is no idle spectator. How frequently, when the green leaf began to freshen over the hazel and the gooseberry bush—whilst yet the oak, and the ash retained their winter nakedness, have I sallied forth, of a Saturday afternoon in quest of discoveries, to me as interesting and as important as any which a Park or a Humboldt could have made: and rushing through thickets, and over brier and bramble, have detected the very first rudiments of the future nest! How often, when the three or four little blue or spotted eggs gave all their delightful reality to my view, have I reasoned with as much accuracy, from the effects visible to the cause invisible, as if I had actually caught the parent bird in the attitude of incubation. I have peeped through the separated branches of the hazel—at the merled neck, and smooth breast of the thrush, as she continued to eye me steadily, or slipt with noiseless wing from my view, only to linger upon an adjoining twig till my departure. Over the clay-lined nest of the blackbird, I have watched till the dam became stupified with staring. I have caught the little wren in its cabin, and felt its impotent, but valorous nibble, as it bumped with its whole littleness against the hollow of my hand. The cliffs and the precipices I have scaled and searched in quest of fiercer natures; and have carried off under my hat, under the curses of parental affection, *their* screaming and struggling young. The offspring of the partridge, too, I have started, while the shell yet adhered to their extremities, and have pursued in much simplicity, the seemingly broken-winged and limping mother. In summer I have fished as you already know. In harvest I have gathered nuts—and in winter, I have hunted the red deer, of Missouri.

Where can one, after all, find a scene so grand and impressive to a mind open to the suggestions of nature, as that with which the hunter of the "far west" is, of necessity, conversant. Whether he lift his eye to the mountain, over which a mantle of snow reposes in folds of marble,—whether he survey the vale around him, crisped by the frost and covered all over with diamonds—whether the trees of the neighborhood attract his notice, presenting their tassellated fringes under the aspect of laburnums in blossom; under all and each of these suppositions, the hunter is placed in circumstances the most favorable to strong emotions,—to that swell and buoyancy of spirit with which nature, in her more striking attitudes is sure to visit her worshippers. *Fishing* is, indeed, a most bewitching amusement, and it would be something approaching to sacrilege in *me* to underrate its claims. I do not mean sitting in a punt, with your head bobbing over the side, and your nose in the water, laying plots against perch, and revelling in the massacre of minnows. No, no: there is no risibility in such sorry pastime as that! Take a thirty foot rod into your hand, with fifty fathom of line, and a reel as large as a five gallon cask—ford foaming torrents neck high—cross wide moors—drive your solitary way through blind mists or rain deluges—return to your camp at night laden with spoil, and bowed down with the weary weight of many a savage and dreary mile—this is the nature of Western angling, and indeed of all angling that deserves the name. Still of the two sports hunting is undoubtedly the most manly, and by far the most social; one must be alone to enjoy angling in perfection.

It has been said that a being to endure a life of solitude must be either a god or a savage,—an angler, to be sure, is neither, and yet a life of solitude, while he exists, that is, in the capacity of an angler, is the life of happiness for him. In truth, your angler, notwithstanding the occasional existence of an Izaak Walton, is no philanthropist. He may wish well to all who pursue a trade similar to his own, so long as they pursue it in another quarter of the world from himself, but the tall steeple-like wand of a journeyman, suddenly rendered visible to his eye by a turn of the river, is sufficient to induce him for the time to wish all the laboring classes at the devil. Let any skilful angler divest himself for a moment of those general associations, through the medium of which fishermen occasionally affect each other's society, and analyze those particular feelings which he may have experienced on seeing a long-legged acquaintance stalking across the fields, and planting himself and his wand at the head, or rather *in medio* of a favorite stream, not more than fifty yards in advance. Where be your philanthropy now? Your "how d'ye does," and your "well, I thank ye's?" quite fugitive!

Who has not felt inclined to commit justifiable homicide, (for it could surely be brought in neither as murder nor manslaughter,) when on approaching a well-known place of water, half pool half stream, with a steep bank on one side, and a fine gravel shore on the other, a figure is perceived couched with his face to the surface, like Satan at the ear of Eve, and probing the much respected haunts with a huge emblem of Neptune alias a three-pronged spear?

"When nothing's to be seen but hills
And rocks that spread a hoary gleam,
And that ONE BEAST that from the bed
Of the green meadow hangs his head
Over the silent stream."

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